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PART XIX.

## FOUR YEARS' EXPERIENCE OF THE CATHOLIC RELIGION :

WITH OBSERVATIONS ON ITS EFFECTS UPON THE CHARACTER, INTELLECTUAL, MORAL,  
AND SPIRITUAL.

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It is not too much to suppose that there is a large class of persons in this country who feel a deep interest in the present mental condition of those numerous converts who, during the last few years, have submitted themselves to the faith of the Catholic Church. There are perhaps thousands who would rejoice to be able to see into the minds of those who know the Catholic Church by personal experience of its influence upon themselves. It cannot be doubted that the Church of Rome presents to those who are without her pale an aspect which is partly terrifying, partly confounding, and partly mysterious, even in those instances where it is admitted that she undoubtedly is a portion of the true Church of Christ, and even may after all be that spiritual home for which so many anxious souls are eagerly yearning. From the ferocious anti-Popish zealot, up to the ultra-Puseyite, or the observer of extreme candour, all agree in regarding her with a species of painful curiosity, as something awful, strange, incomprehensible, and self-contradictory; as uniting the noblest with the vilest qualities; as producing, apparently by the same means, heroes, villains, knaves, and dupes; as a strange compound, in short, of evangelical purity and worldly craft, of apostolic zeal and grasping ambition, of inspired truth and debasing delusion. Whether, therefore, as a mere psychological phenomenon, or as a branch, though corrupted, of the true Church of Christ, or as a body which has attracted to itself some of the most learned, able, and self-denying of English Protestants, the Catholic Church is at the present hour an object of deep interest to vast numbers of the best of our countrymen, and they long to comprehend the precise nature of the power she exercises over the minds which are subjected to her sway. I propose, then, as one who has thus made personal trial of her powers for some considerable period of time, to communicate the results of my experience to those who are interested in knowing what it is really to be a Catholic.

In so doing I must request pardon for the apparent egotism of the following pages. The very nature of the case will compel me to speak of myself in a manner, and with a frequency, which, unless absolutely necessary, would be absolutely intolerable. The statement I am about to make is so eminently a personal statement, and so essentially connected with the individual who puts it forward, that it will be impossible to avoid a repeated reference to myself and my ideas, opinions, and feelings, for which some little apology may perhaps seem due.

The first question that will naturally be asked of a person who professes to give a true picture of the influence of the Catholic religion, and of its features at the present time, refers to his own competency as a witness. "What are you?" it will very justly be said; "what opportunities have you had for forming a correct judgment? what are your personal qualifications for so delicate an office? what were you before you entered your new state, and what means did you then possess to enable you to institute a correct comparison between the influences and facts of Catholicism and Protestantism?"

In all these points, I believe that I may legitimately claim to be heard as a competent witness. Since I entered the Catholic Church, circumstances have made me acquainted with a very large number of English Catholics of various ranks and different ecclesiastical positions. I have known personally, with various degrees of intimacy, seven or eight Bishops, several presidents of colleges and superiors of religious houses, a large number of the clergy, both secular and regular, in different parts of England, and of the laity, of different professions, occupations, and rank, with a considerable proportion of those converts who, during the last five or six years, have left the ranks of Anglicanism and submitted themselves to the Catholic Church. With many of all these I am on terms of intimate friendship, while chance and the course of events have put me

into positions for seeing an unusual number of eminent and influential personages, in circumstances of trying character, and such as reveal not only a man's strength but his weakness, and test both himself and his religious faith and principles to the very foundation.

Before I was a Catholic, I had also as many opportunities of examining into the true character and genius of Protestantism as fall to the lot of most men; indeed, few Protestants have had such ample means for forming an unbiased judgment as those which fell to my lot. From the time of my boyhood until I submitted to the Church of Rome, I had met with, and in many instances had entered into close bonds of friendship and affection with men of almost every class of opinion which is to be found in the Church of England, having also been acquainted with individual Dissenters, who were very trustworthy examples of the dissenting schools. I numbered among my near friends and relatives old-fashioned High Churchmen, cautious Tractarians, zealous Puseyites, unhesitating Romanisers, conscientious Latitudinarians, with Evangelicals, old and young, of every shade of Churchmanship; and persons of the untheoretical, amiable, do-their-duty Church of England school, who go on their way as their fathers taught them, and live and die seeking only peace and quietness, and sober yet sincere practical religion. From an early age, also, I had been accustomed to notice and reflect upon the various characters and principles of every one with whom I associated, to form opinions upon their conduct, and investigate the connexion between their religious views and their actual life and state of mind.

Nor could it be reasonably alleged against what I have to say, that I entered the Church of Rome under the influence of those ardent feelings and determined prepossessions, which might perhaps warp my judgment of the facts which I really encountered, and render the history of my experience a history of my personal emotions and fancies rather than a detail of unvarnished realities. So far was I from submitting to the Church under the power of an unreasoning enthusiasm, that it was in most respects with the greatest reluctance that I took the step. It was simply on a clear, well-argued conviction that it was absolutely necessary to my salvation, that I broke through every barrier which kept me back. I had none of that yearning for the advantages of confession, that feeling of utter intellectual helplessness, or that dependence upon the example and opinions of others, which in some cases predispose the mind to seek for rest in the bosom of Catholicism. Long before I had the faintest idea of ever actually becoming a Catholic, I had reasoned myself into a belief that all the doctrines of Rome were true, and that the Scripture, to those who will

really examine it, and who believe in its inspiration, is an incomprehensible book, except on the supposition that the decrees of the Council of Trent are to be received as infallible. Absurd as it may seem, and absurd as it certainly was, I was convinced that the Church of England was in no sense of the word a portion of the Church of Christ, long before I even thought of leaving her. I accounted my own an exceptional case, and rested on the belief that I could be saved, though I was out of the visible Church, and though I knew that I was out of it. Monstrous indeed was the belief, but still it was my belief; and it proves, that though at length the conviction of the hollowness of my theory came upon me with an irresistible force, which would brook no longer delay, yet I was, in fact, as well acquainted with every thing that could be said on both sides of the question, as if I had been four or five years considering whether I should myself personally obey the call of the Catholic Church to enter her fold. In truth, I was far better acquainted with the real bearings of the controversy than if I had weighed them under the influence of high-wrought excitement, and of that intense anxiety which presses upon the mind the moment the idea of *becoming* a Catholic takes a practical hold upon it. It was with all the coolness of a mere speculative reasoner that I examined into the truth of every single separate doctrine of the Roman Church, and into the tenability of every ecclesiastical position which could possibly be taken up against her. Profoundly *interesting* as was the subject, I had become as clearly convinced, on undeniable grounds, that belief in any religious doctrine whatsoever is logically impossible without the existence of a living infallible guide, and that a visible Church without such a head as the Pope is, is a contradiction in terms, as that the earth is round, and that the moon shines by reflected light from the sun. I saw that, if Christianity is from God, Protestantism in every possible form is an intellectual absurdity, and a violation of the elementary laws of reasoning and common sense.

Lastly, since I have been a Catholic, I have repeatedly recurred both to the arguments which, in my judgment, establish the truth of Catholicism, and also to the reasonings by which religious belief, in its very essence, is recommended to the mind. Again and again, sometimes on various practical occasions more immediately bearing upon my own convictions, sometimes in the way of controversy with Protestantism or infidelity in their various modifications, sometimes in the way of calm meditation and reflection, I have gone over every thing that can be said on the general question involved, and on all the details of faith and practice which are found in the Catholic Church. I have endeavoured honestly and

courageously to look every difficulty in the face, to do justice to the facts of history, to avoid all undue palliation of the errors or sins of individual Catholics, and to separate my own private notions and likings from those objective truths which exist apart from my individual experience.

How far I may be *personally* fitted to bear trustworthy testimony on the subject, is a question on which I can offer no opinion. No man is a competent judge of his own merits or demerits, or a dispassionate observer of the features of his own character. Still, if I might venture upon any such statement, I should be disposed to say, that I am not naturally disposed to unreasoning credulity, to superstitious veneration, or to an undue dependence upon the authority of great names, or upon the views of those with whom I may associate. My errors would be rather on the side of a too great independence of judgment, of excessive dislike of assertions unsupported by clear proofs, and of general incredulity in every thing that appears marvellous or supernatural. But however this may be, I may fairly lay claim to those average powers of observation and criticism, that *mens sana in corpore sano*, which would entitle any person to be received as a competent witness in a court of justice, and commend his evidence to the respect, if not to the acquiescence, of every fair and candid mind. As to sincerity of intention and truthfulness of statement in what I have to say, of course, like other men, I believe myself upright and honourable. No man who invites the attention of the public on such a subject professes himself otherwise than sincere and religious, and few think themselves not to be really so. I can only say, that I *trust* I have been, and still am, guided by a single-minded desire both to learn what is strictly true and good in the sight of Almighty God, and to practise no imposition whatsoever upon the belief of others. Without further preface, then, I proceed to lay before the world the results of four years' experience of the Catholic religion.

The first question that would be asked of persons who have become Catholics, by those who are unconnected with any religious party in the country, would probably be directed to ascertain the effects of Catholicism upon the practical freedom of the intelligence. Various as are the views which English Protestants take of the creed of Rome, they all agree in looking upon it as a despotic sovereign, which holds the intellect and judgment of those who submit to its dictates in an iron grasp, and rigorously forbids that unbiassed liberty of following after *truth* at all costs, which is the inalienable privilege and the bounden duty of every creature endowed with the great gift of reason. There can be little doubt, that a man who has entered the

Catholic Church is popularly believed to have parted with all rights to think for himself, or to escape from a benumbing, destroying thraldom of the faculties, except by bursting the bonds in which he has unwittingly involved himself, and casting off the yoke of Rome in indignation. His friends pity him, his kindred weep for him, the man of shrewd sense laughs at him, and the vulgar crowd stares at him as a sort of wild beast. Whatever be the degree of *moral* enormity which is attributed to a convert, all agree in thinking him more or less *a fool*. He is regarded with much the same mingled wonder and sorrow with which we listen to the ravings of insanity, and see a poor creature in a lunatic asylum disbelieving the evidence of his senses, and imagining his wretched cell to be a royal palace. We are supposed to have fallen into a sort of second childhood, in which we voluntarily surrender our powers of reasoning, observing, and reflecting, and acquiesce in statements as absurd to the free intelligence of men of sense, as the notion that two and two make five, or that the whole is not greater than a part of it. Have I, then, found Catholicism an intellectual bondage to myself, and have I remarked a similar slavery in the case of others?

If I may state the truth, without fear of being counted guilty of ridiculous exaggeration, I should reply, that no man knows what perfect intellectual freedom is, until he becomes a member of the Church of Rome. I have passed my whole life in as bold and unhesitating an exercise of the privileges of thought as is ventured upon by most persons; but most conscientiously can I allege, that my previous independence in reasoning was like a toiling in fetters, compared with the unbounded liberty of which I have been conscious ever since I ceased to be a Protestant. I am unconscious of what intellectual fear is, except the fear of being *wrong*, and the fear that passion, pride, self-indulgence, prejudice, or ignorance, should warp my judgment, delude me into miscalculating probabilities, tempt me into mistaking my own wishes for logical proofs, or blind me to the real laws of reasoning which control all human knowledge whatsoever.

It is commonly supposed, indeed, that a man of sense and intellectual courage *cannot* believe the dogmas of Catholicism without violating the first principles of reasoning and enslaving his judgment at the beck of a designing priesthood. So far from this being the case, I find myself compelled to act in the very opposite direction. I cannot *help* believing the truth of Catholicism in general, nor can I perceive the slightest violation of the laws of reasoning in any one of its separate doctrines. Granting the truth of Christianity as a divine revelation, my reason forces

me to be convinced that no one form of Protestantism can *possibly* be true. So far as argument is concerned, I can see and feel the difficulties which exist in the way of the reception of the Christian religion as divine, and even of belief in any religion whatsoever, natural or revealed; but when once the question of the origin of Christianity is settled, though I can see and feel arguments against the Church of Rome, and admit that, so far as they go, they are difficulties which must be solved, yet I can see *nothing* in favour of any doctrinal Protestantism whatsoever; and I can no more avoid believing in the exclusive claims of the Church of Rome, than I can help believing in the deductions of physical astronomy or of electricity. The argument in favour of Rome is precisely similar to the reasonings which establish the great facts of any purely human science, which is based upon probabilities, and not on mathematical certainties. On such morally proved sciences, whether physical, domestic, social, or political, the whole course of our daily existence is conducted. We neither eat, drink, move, talk, read, buy, sell, grieve, rejoice, or, in a word, act for a moment as reasonable creatures, except on the supposition that certain general ideas are true, and must be acted upon, although not one of them can be *proved* with all the strictness of a mathematical proposition. Yet no man in his senses calls this an intellectual bondage, or wonders that people can devote their whole lives to a course of conduct against which *some* difficulties can be alleged, though the balance of probabilities is decidedly in its favour.

And just such is my experience of the effect of a belief in the infallibility of the Catholic Church on my daily moral and spiritual existence. I grant that there are some difficulties to be urged against Christianity, and that the proof of the infallibility of Rome is not a mathematical proof; but nevertheless, I cannot help perceiving that the balance of proof is undeniably in favour of Christianity and of the Catholic Church, and therefore I cannot help acting myself in accordance with that balance, and no more believe or feel that I am intellectually a slave, than when I believe that I am at this moment awake, though it is impossible to *prove* that I am not asleep and dreaming. Many people imagine that a Catholic lives and moves with a sort of sense of intellectual discomfort, with a half-admitted consciousness that he is the victim of a delusion; that he dreads the light of criticism and argument, and is afraid of having his opinions honestly and rigorously canvassed. For my own part, I can most solemnly assert, that from the moment I entered the Catholic Church, I felt like a man who has just shattered the fetters which have impeded his movements from his childhood. I experienced a sensa-

tion of intellectual *relief*, to which I believe every conscientious Protestant to be an utter stranger. So far from feeling as if I had renounced the great privileges of humanity, and subjugated myself to a debasing servitude, I was conscious that now, for the first time, my faculties had fair play, that I was no longer in bondage to shams, forms of speech, pious frauds, exploded fables, youthful prejudices, or the impudent fabrications of baseless authority. Reason, like a young eagle for the first time floating forth from its mountain nest, and trusting itself with no faltering wing to the boundless expanse of ether around, above, and below, rejoiced in her new-found powers, and looked abroad upon the mighty universe of material and immaterial being, with that unflinching gaze with which the soul dares to look, when conscious that the God who made her has at length set her free. To tell me, at such a time, that I was enslaving my reason by that very act which enabled her to assert her supremacy, or that I was violating truth and common sense by embracing the most *probable* of two momentous alternatives, I should have counted a folly not worthy to be refuted. And such have I felt it to this day. I am conscious that I have embraced one vast, harmonious system, which alone, of all the religions of mankind, is precisely what it pretends to be, and nothing less and nothing more. I behold before me a mighty body of doctrine and practice, self-consistent in all its parts, cohering by rigid logical deductions, and held together by certain moral laws which are as universally applied in every conceivable contingency as is the physical law of gravity throughout the visible universe. Complicated and varied as it is, and diverse in nature as are the many elements which go to make up its far-stretching whole, I can detect no flaw in the structure, no incompatibility of one feature with another, no tendency to decay, no token of failure in accomplishing all that it really professes to accomplish. I find every thing to charm and invigorate my intellect. If I am enthralled, it is in a bondage to truth; if I am fascinated, it is by the spell of faultless beauty.

It is the same, too, when I go on to view the separate doctrines which the Church of Rome teaches, one by one. I hear and read of persons saying that these dogmas, or some of them, are absurd, or impossible, or self-contradictory, or immoral; but no where in the whole range of Roman doctrine can I discern for myself any single statement which is opposed either to reason or morality. All that I marvel at, is the dense ignorance which possesses those who bring the accusation, and the astonishing stupidity which has enthralled mankind with respect to the very doctrines which they profess to disprove, and which they vehemently denounce. Profound as is

my conviction of the wickedness of man, still deeper is the conviction of his intense folly which the sight of the course of theological controversy induces. I hear myself charged with holding doctrines which were never heard of in the Catholic Church; I see her accused for not accomplishing results which she never pretends to accomplish, and which were never attempted by any religious body upon earth; I behold her charged with crimes and absurdities which by no possibility can exist together within her; while within her magic circle alone reason acts reasonably, ascertains her own powers, makes use of them to the fullest possible extent to which they can reach, and then pauses in conformity with her own irrefragable decisions.

I cannot help being aware that those who formerly knew me and others who, like myself, have entered the Catholic Church, are amazed that we should have been able to bring ourselves to accept what they regard as the most monstrous of absurdities, if not the most scandalous of enormities. Yet the only absurdity that I can perceive lies in the charge they bring, and in the enormity of that uncharitableness which condemns a man unheard. For instance, it is supposed that in the doctrine of transubstantiation, we run counter to the evidence of our senses, and believe that to be true which our sight, touch, and taste tell us is *not* true. Yet in the whole range of false accusations which history records, nowhere is there to be found a more gratuitous and disgraceful slander, or an assertion which more strikingly displays the ignorance of those who make it. The doctrine of the Catholic Church with respect to the change in the Eucharistic Elements is, that nothing belonging to the bread and wine of which the senses take cognisance is changed; and that what *is* changed is that with which the senses have no more to do than they have to do with the inhabitants of the antipodes. We are all agreed (except a few book-worms) that in every material object, besides its colour, its form, its taste, its smell, and so forth, there exists a certain *something*, of which colour, form, taste, and the like, are what is popularly called the qualities, or, in metaphysical language, the accidents. Now, it is manifest to every person who knows the meaning of words, that our senses of smelling, tasting, touching, &c. inform us of the nature of these qualities or accidents, and that they do nothing more. We see that a thing is black, white, or blue; we feel it to be rough or smooth, cold or hot; and so with the rest; but as to that mysterious *something*, that "substance," as it is termed in metaphysics, which lies at the bottom of these qualities, and to which they are all attached, our senses tell us nothing whatever about it. For aught that our senses can judge, the substance of bread is the same as the substance

of flesh, or the substance of lightning is the same as the substance of a piece of wood. Whether the substance in all the elements of the universe is essentially alike, or whether there are as many myriads of variations in substance as there are in outward appearances, our senses of touch, taste, smell, hearing, and seeing, leave us hopelessly in the dark.

When, then, I who believe that in the Eucharistic Elements this substance is changed—no matter on what grounds I believe it—am charged with asserting that which contradicts the evidence of the senses, I simply smile at my accuser's foolishness. I see that he might as reasonably pretend that it contradicts the evidence of the senses to believe that there is a God, because the Divinity cannot be touched, tasted, smelt, heard, or seen. I ask him if he ever saw his own soul; and why, if I may not believe *more* than my senses tell me respecting the presence of Jesus Christ in the consecrated species, he is justified in believing *more* than his senses tell him with respect to himself. So far from finding myself more in a state of bondage as a Catholic than I was as a Protestant, even in respect of this great doctrine, which is regarded as the crowning point of Catholic folly and imposture, I see that nearly all men and women, of every rank and grade, who attack the dogma of transubstantiation, are so extravagantly absurd as to conceive they overthrow its claims by assertions which have nothing on earth to do with the question really under discussion.

Such also have I found to be the result upon myself in all other separate Catholic doctrines. One and all commend themselves to the reasoning faculty with a clearness and force which I truly believe to exceed the clearness and force that are possessed by any branch of purely human knowledge, excepting always the deductions of pure mathematics. In almost every case I find them different from what they are popularly supposed to be; and the longer I continue to be a Catholic, the more extraordinary appears the contrast between that which the Church really believes and teaches, and that which the world imputes to her. The more I reflect upon it, the more mysterious is the phenomenon she presents, as the most misunderstood, the most misrepresented, the most maligned institution, which ever existed in the whole history of mankind. So far from feeling that my judgment is clouded, or that my faculties are prevented from having their full play, I perceive more and more clearly that the Catholic Church is the only body in which man's reason has tolerable liberty to follow out its conclusions with consistency, unbiassed by association, unwarped by prejudice, and unenslaved by passion. Admitting to the fullest extent the sins of many Catholics in all ages, their errors, their ignorance, their blindness, and their super-

stitution, still I cannot possibly help seeing that in comparison with the intellectual servitude which holds the world without in bonds, *we* are faultless, enlightened, acute, and profound so the utmost *limits* of which humanity is capable.

On the other hand, how far the course of modern civilisation is impeded by the reception of Catholicism, is a question which is by no means easy of solution. From all that I can judge by experience of its effects on myself and on others, I should be disposed to say, that while it tends to the culture of the intelligence, and to the development of all the faculties of the mind to the highest possible extent, it would lead its disciples to march with a somewhat hesitating step in what is commonly termed the civilisation of the age. How far it would discourage purely intellectual cultivation *apart* from religion, is a question with which I have nothing to do, as I am speaking only of what are the effects of a sincere belief of Catholic doctrines, and an earnest practice of Catholic duties, upon the thoughts and life of man. While, then, I see every token that there is not a faculty in the soul, whether it be the pure reasoning faculty, the imagination, the taste, the love of extensive and accurate knowledge, or that which we term common sense, which Catholicism does not tend directly to stimulate in the healthiest and most effective possible manner; —while I see that its sons may be impelled by a burning enthusiasm to triumph throughout the whole domain of human studies, and to bend every acquisition of mental power to the service of God and the salvation of souls; —while the Catholic will labour with unwearying energies, and with the highest abilities, in the fields of mathematics, history, philosophy, science, poetry, or fiction, just as in former days the whole course of European civilisation was directed and impelled by the devoted sons of the Church; —at the same time it is impossible to overlook the fact, that so far as our civilisation depends upon the pursuit of gain, and the restless strivings of ambition, so far it would suffer in the hands of devout Catholics. There exists in the Catholic faith a power to detach the affections from *every thing* on this side of the grave, which necessarily makes men take matters somewhat more easily than exactly falls in with the notions of the present epoch. A pious Catholic, to a certain extent, sees no future, except that which commences after death. He lives for the present hour and for eternity. He has a greater tendency to take the affairs of life as they come, and to enjoy what he actually has in possession, without putting himself very much out of the way to add to his store, than is usually found among ardent and business-like Protestants. Taken *on the whole*, I do

not believe that Catholic merchants, Catholic tradesmen, Catholic travellers, or Catholic bankers, will ever so successfully compete with men of the world of similar occupations as to make as large fortunes as their Protestant competitors, or to exercise as powerful an influence upon the economic progress of the age. We never shall, taken as a body, be the first in the nation as men of business; and I question whether we could ever be *first* (though we might be *second*) in the study of those physical sciences with whose cultivation the characteristic movement of our time is so intimately bound up. It is undeniable that Catholics do not *care* so much as others for those objects which furrow the sober and laborious Englishman's brow, and bend him down with premature old age. Not only the general influence of their religion, as a spiritual system, but the nature of their belief in the excellence of poverty, and of the monastic and celibate life, and in the pernicious nature of excessive carefulness and of a melancholy, anxious spirit, tends to make them sit down contented amid reverses, and comparatively careless about worldly success, where other men would strain every nerve to struggle against the assaults of fortune, and to provide against every possible future contingency.

That such a diminution in the energies of our day would cause a diminution in the amount of human happiness, I am, indeed, prepared totally to deny. I should regard a colder devotion to the *business* of life, as one of the greatest blessings which could be granted to our care-stricken country. Next to a reception of the true religion, I can conceive nothing so beneficial to the Anglo-Saxon race as an infusion of a spirit of light-hearted cheerfulness, and a less keen susceptibility to the peculiar charms of our modern civilisation. Not only would such a change from our gloomy, toiling habits produce an instantaneous addition to the positive enjoyments of every hour in the day, but it would exert a controlling power over that awful movement towards universal pauperism, which is the great frightful fact of our times. Strange and paradoxical as it may seem, a comparative carelessness about wealth is the only practicable cure for the evils of excessive poverty. For some generations now past the whole course of the English social and economical system has been to multiply the *productions* of human labour with the least possible advantage to the producers. Though every human being brings into the world the same physical and mental powers of production as his forefathers of every past age, and though the marvellous instrumentality of machinery enables him to employ those powers with tenfold, twentyfold, or a hundredfold more successful results, so that the entire population of the empire at this moment calls into exist-

ence far more in proportion of the necessities of life than did any past generation, yet such is the unhappy *distribution* of these increased products, that every day fewer and fewer is the comparative number of those who are benefited by them, and harder and harder does it become for the great mass of the people to live.

Now, political economy recognises no counteracting power in human nature to check this excessive operation of the principles on which civilised life is carried on. It has no safety-valve to prevent a frightful explosion in the machinery of society. The very law on which the riches, the luxuries, the comforts, and the refinements of civilisation are created, is the law of selfishness. These things could not exist without a distinction between rich and poor, without that command over the labour of others which wealth confers upon its possessor. Were all men equal in property, according to the dreams of Socialism and Communism, the utmost that humanity could reach would be a step or two above the nakedness and houselessness of savage life. Art, refinement, literature, comforts, delicacies, of every conceivable description, would be literally impossibilities. Without the *command* which the unequal distribution of wealth enables the few to exercise over the many, we must sink at once into a state resembling that of the settlers in a newly inhabited country, and be thankful if we could clothe our bodies and shelter them under a roof, and keep off actual starvation. Such a state of things is, of course, wholly hypothetical; for our inequalities in physical strength and in mental power would be sufficient to make some rich and powerful, and many poor and weak, in the course of four-and-twenty hours after the commencement of such a supposed universal equality. There are only three possible states in which man can exist: the paradisiacal state of innocence and bliss; the savage state, in which all things remain stationary; and the civilised state, in which all moves either in one uniform direction forwards, or backwards towards barbarism. Civilised society can never check at its will the operation of the principle which is the source of its very existence. The law of nature which makes one man rich and another poor, tends to make the first richer and the second poorer every day that passes by. The inevitable necessity which first transferred a portion of the natural property (so to call it) of the second to his more healthy, more powerful, or more skilful brother, goes on thus transferring fresh portions of the results of his labour to those who are above him in command, until, as ages run on, gigantic wealth swells up one extremity of the social scale, while the abyss of pauperism swallows all that are doomed to the other. The productions of civilised life are, in fact, the pro-

ductions of a bargain between two parties, which is *always* more favourable to one party than to the other. Nothing but some violent change can stay the inevitable termination. Civilisation cannot control itself, or hold back the motive power to which it owes its being. Hence the whole history of the human race is a record of the advances of civilisation, and of its ultimate issue in a wretched state of enfeeblement, wealth, and pauperism, which has invited conquest, revolution, or total decay and death.

The fanatics of Socialism and Communism, alive to these terrible facts, would fain remedy them by the substitution of some other social system, based on a radical misconception of human nature, and of the essence of civil society; but they can no more cure the deadly disease than they can restore paradisiacal innocence and health to man, or paradisiacal fruitfulness to the earth. Their schemes are more fatal than the mischief they would counteract. The power of religion alone can stay the speed of this mighty engine, whose ever-increasing velocity threatens towhelm us all in destruction. Nothing upon earth can save society which cannot control man's selfishness, and make him content to forego those powers over his fellow-creatures which circumstances, or his own talents, have placed in his hands. What the French call *l'exploitation de l'homme par l'homme* defies the skill and energies of all merely human motives to stop its headlong course. Man will hire man to do his bidding, till the employer and the employed perish together, unless a voice come down from heaven and proclaim that this life is nought, in accents which shall command the attention of the most worldly, and accompanied with a spiritual power which shall soften the most selfish and stony heart. Nothing less than a voluntary and continually practised renunciation of some portion of their legal rights over the poor on the part of the rich, can save the former from pauperism, and the latter from a simultaneous prostration into the abyss they have dug with their own hands.

Now, that Catholicism is the *only* religion which thus strikes at the heart of the excessive love of wealth, few candid observers will deny. It is indeed a common reproach against Catholic countries, that they do not foster that spirit of secular enterprise on which the existence of modern civilisation depends. The shrewd, sensible, prosperous Englishman despises Catholicism, because he thinks that its votaries, when they have their religious services, their churches, their priests, and their amusements, are content to remain in happy inactivity, careless about the future part of this earthly life, and shrugging their shoulders in amazement at the untiring toils of the care-worn Briton. And exaggerated as is this popular notion of the effects of Catholicism, I am

prepared not only to admit that there is some measure of truth in it, but to maintain that in this very feature of its influence is to be found the only safeguard of modern Europe. It is the only engine which the statesman and law-giver can command, in order to control those suicidal tendencies of the social system, at which at present he stands aghast, hopeless, helpless, and trembling. It is the only moving power which can exercise an antagonistic influence upon that love of money, rank, and ease, which in its unrestrained operation is ultimately as great a curse to those who thrive upon its gifts, as to those who writhe under its torturing grasp. Politicians, political economists, and the sceptical worldly-minded Protestant member of Parliament, may smile in incredulous contempt, but the unprejudiced thinker may be assured that the Catholic religion alone can ensure to society that permanence in earthly peace and prosperity which of old was sought by the advocates of agrarian laws, confiscations of the property of the rich, and heavy taxation upon their incomes, and which in these days is the blessing at which the wild theories of Socialism and Communism aim with frantic passion. How it does this, I will now shew in detail.

In the first place, from my personal experience of Catholicism, and from what I have seen of its influence upon others, I find that, practically, it does detach the affections of man from his earthly possessions far more effectually than any one form of Protestant Christianity. Of course I am comparing its results upon persons who are conscientious and zealous in acting upon their own principles. I am not contrasting the mental condition of a careless Catholic, who, though he lives a not immoral life, is yet cold or lukewarm in his religious ways, who just fulfils the letter of his obligation as a Catholic, and nothing more, with a devoted, energetic Protestant, who is given to prayer, almsgiving, and works of mercy. I am taking two men or women, whether old or young, rich or poor, who are *apparently* (as men usually judge) equally sincere and zealous in acting fully up to the highest moral and devotional standard of their respective communions; and I have not a moment's hesitation in alleging, that what I may call the *unworldliness* of the Catholic is so different from the unworldliness of the Protestant, that the latter can scarcely comprehend what it is, both in its nature and in its effects. I do not say that Protestantism will not sometimes, during periods of great temporary excitement, as, for instance, during the better season of the Puseyite movement, impel its followers to very remarkable and almost heroic acts of pecuniary self-denial and munificence; but I do say, that of that practical, habitual, and irresistible sense of the transitory nature of all worldly goods, which forbids the

mind even to care much about possessing them, they have at the best a very faint conception; while there is not an age, not a year, not a day, in which there are not thousands and tens of thousands of Catholics, both lay and clerical, both in the cloister and in the world, to whom the loss of worldly possessions, and the self-sacrificing renunciation of them for the good of others, is comparatively an easy and trifling task, for no other reason than that the realities of the spiritual world are present to their consciences with a vividness and closeness of contact which is unknown to the conscientious Protestant mind.

So striking, indeed, is the influence of this keen perception of the realities of eternity, that the Catholic sometimes appears insensible and almost heartless to his Protestant friends and kindred. The tender-hearted, anxious-minded, or prudent Protestant is shocked at the seeming coolness and indifference with which the Catholic will often go through scenes, or carry out his principles into acts, which rend the souls of those who are strangers to that mysterious perception of the invisible which sustains him when other men sink prostrate or yield in helpless weakness to a cruel destiny. Two friends shall be knit together in the bonds of the closest Christian friendship, and pass their days together, labouring with apostolic zeal for the welfare of souls, and sharing all each other's hopes, fears, joys, and sorrows, with the openness of a most brotherly affection: in a week, or a day, sudden death shall carry one of them to his rest, and leave the other to toil alone for many a long year; yet is the survivor's heart still calm and peaceful; the tears that nature sheds are wiped away by the hand of faith; he goes on with his solitary labours, and men see scarce an additional furrow upon his brow, and marvel at his strange composure; and all because his eyes are opened to the invisible world,—because he has been ever accustomed to live with his dearest friend as men who walk together on a brief journey; and now that he whom he still loves so warmly is gone from his sight, he feels but as a traveller when his companion has parted with him just before the termination of his journey, only to hasten forward by a speedier road, and in a few days to welcome him with the embrace of love, when he too at length enters the portals of his true and only *home*.

Or a maiden in the first bloom of youth, when all seems bright and promising, and while she has every prospect of still gladdening the hearth of her parents for many a long year with her cheerful smile, and tending them in sorrow or sickness with sweet filial affection, all at once announces to them that she believes that God is calling her to the life of the cloister; that either for the sake of ministering to the sick and the poor, or of passing

her days in mortifications and prayers, she desires to leave them now in the season of their most cherished enjoyments, and to become in some sense a stranger to them until death. Yet so deep is their sense of the reality of eternal things, and of the vanity of this life, that when the first shock is past, and all have sought strength to bear the parting from Him whose will they trust they are performing, the father and the mother consign their child to her future life with scarcely more pain or anguish than many parents commit their daughters to the care and love of a husband, and sometimes with a joy and gratitude to Him who is calling her to Himself *alone*, of which no conception can be formed by those who know the practices and feelings of Catholicism only from without.

And so it is in the point to which I am more especially referring. Wheresoever the Catholic faith comes, with even an average amount of zeal and fervour, there will be found innumerable instances of a *facility* in renouncing wealth and station which is unknown except within the pale of the Church. When men and women have no family ties which make it a duty to them to preserve their property in their own hands, they will devote it all to the service of religion, whether for the poor, or for education, or for the maintenance of the clergy and ecclesiastical edifices, with a readiness which can only be produced by that sense of the worthlessness of secular pleasures which their religion infuses into them. I claim no great merit for them in so doing; I am only saying that it is comparatively *easy* for them to do it. The power of their faith upon their minds is such, that the sacrifice actually *is* less to them than it would be to the conscientious Protestant. During the hours of darkness we trim our candle or lamp with anxious gentleness, lest it be suddenly extinguished, and leave us in cold obscurity; but when the first rays of the morning sun shoot across the heavens, we care no more for our artificial light, and the sooner it disappears the better. Just so it is with the devout Catholic mind. It is not really insensible to the blessings of light and warmth. It *feels* as keenly as the most susceptible of mortal men; but in the midst of the blaze of noon it *cannot* be troubled at the loss of a flickering taper, or feel chilled when a few sticks upon the hearth cease to throw out their genial heat.

Still more powerfully do Catholic ideas on poverty and monasticism tend to counteract the selfishness which, as it is one of the chief sources of civilisation, so is it ultimately its relentless destroyer. As the special influences I have been describing make it *easy* to a pious Catholic to part with his wealth, so his principles on these other points make him esteem it a glorious *privilege* to be able to distribute his possessions among a large number of per-

sons, and to descend himself from the ranks of the wealthy to the ranks of the poor. A lukewarm, ill-instructed, or merely correct Catholic, may in truth pay the same offensive homage to wealth and greatness which we see in the separatist world around us; and wherever this miserable subservience to the anti-Christian feelings of that world which is the enemy of God is thus found in the children of the Church of the poor, it is doubly detestable in the eyes of those who treat the world's maxims with the contempt they deserve: but a *good* Catholic aims at esteeming poverty and wealth in precisely the same light as his Lord and Master esteemed them; and as he counts it an honour to be despised for Christ's sake, and a joy to suffer for Him, so he looks upon the renunciation of riches, when God calls him to it, as a gain, and not as a loss—as an increase of his real treasures—as a purchasing of gold and jewels in return for worthless stones, dust, and stubble.

Especielly is this disregard of wealth fostered by the rules and spirit of the monastic life. Not only does the convent tend to the creation of a class of men and women in just that pecuniary condition which the politics and economics of nature cannot produce, though they imperiously demand it, namely, the condition in which we have just enough, and are neither very rich nor very poor; but it is notorious that, even where the covetousness of human nature has made the utmost inroads it has ever accomplished in the cloister, the consequent accumulation of property has been far less rapid than in the hands of individuals in the world. Every man who is in the least acquainted with the history of monastic institutions, however violent may be his prejudices against them, will admit that the products of industry, when controlled by their hands, are divided between landlord and tenant—between the party who has the capital, and the party who toils with his head or his hands—far less unequally than in any other class in the whole world. Granting that the abuses of the system are all they are said to be (which is, of course, very far from what truth obliges us to grant), still it is a palpable fact, that, however selfish, or covetous, or luxurious monks may in some instances have become, they *never* have sought money with that intensity of purpose which impels the man of the world to make the largest possible profit out of every article that passes through his hands, and to drive the hardest possible bargains with the poor labourer in purchasing the fruits of his toil. A person, like a monk, who has only a life-interest in the possessions his society may acquire, and who during his life only possesses property as a member of a corporation, with no individual right over a farthing, or over a foot of land, is, by the very laws of humanity, by the very nature of self-

ishness itself, less careful to store up boundless wealth, than those who, while they live, are absolute masters of every penny they possess, and who, when they die, can dispose of it to whomsoever they please. And thus it is that monks have ever been the best masters, the best employers, and the best landlords.

In connexion with this subject, the practice of celibacy by the Catholic clergy, as well as by the monks, must not be overlooked. There can be no doubt, in any reasonable person's mind, that a man who has no family to provide for is less inclined to *hoard* than a man who has a numerous offspring to place out in life, and to enrich by his savings after death. The contrast is seen, perhaps, in its most striking forms in the cases of the prelates of the English and Irish Protestant Churches, and in the wealthy Catholic Bishops and Archbishops of the middle ages. Immense as was the treasure of the Church before the Reformation, and immense as it has been in some parts of Europe and America even since that period, the Catholic prelates have rarely been found to leave much property of their own at their death. What they have received from the revenues of their sees they have spent as fast as they have obtained it. In innumerable instances they have employed their riches on every possible work which was most beneficial both to the spiritual and temporal prosperity of their fellow-creatures; and when this has not been the case, still they have not joined that most pernicious band of men who heap gold upon gold and silver upon silver, in order that they may create for themselves and their descendants a high place among the great ones of the earth, and ennable a family that has sprung from the multitude.

Compare, on the other hand, the conduct of the Bishops and Archbishops of the Established Church in England and Ireland. Even the ingrained Protestantism of this country is disgusted when it learns the enormous fortunes which again and again are accumulated by these personages during the years they possess the revenues and patronage of their sees. A fortune of fifty thousand pounds is nothing for a Bishop to leave behind him. The episcopal savings must be reckoned by hundreds of thousands of pounds. Ministerial favour or chance raises the son of a shopkeeper or a country parson to the bench of Bishops, and straightway the whole energies of the new prelate are devoted to the storing up the fortune of a nobleman for his widow and children. Men whose fathers stood behind a counter leave their sons incomes of many thousands a year, and see them marrying among Lords, and associating with the highest in the land. And all this is accomplished by the cold, bitter practice of that parsimony which is destructive of all social prosperity and of the well-being of the poor. Thousands

and tens of thousands of pounds, the representatives of the labours of multitudes, are annually drawn out of circulation, instead of being honestly spent, even in luxuries, as fast as acquired, and all for the increase of the class of idle men of property. There is no more mischievous a being in the whole social scale, or one whose conduct tends more to the increase of pauperism and the widening the distance between rich and poor, than a Bishop who hoards the revenues of his see, in order to leave a nobleman's fortune to his sons and daughters.

Now, I would ask, what is it that our present social system demands, but the introduction of some device, among all classes of the community, which shall ensure a more equal distribution of the profits of labour between the employers and the employed? Can we, without audacious folly, deny that the evil against which Socialism and Communism direct their frenzied attacks is a real, and not an imaginary evil? Is it not true that capital has *more* power over labour than it ought to have, and that the tendency of our social life is ever to increase that unhealthy influence, and to make the rich richer and the poor poorer in every succeeding generation? Can it be doubted for a moment that any scheme, which, without violating the laws of property, or unduly checking the energies and enterprise of mankind, should increase the average income of the labouring poor to half as much again as it is now, while it diminished the number of those frightfully gigantic fortunes, which exist like mountains in the midst of the desert plains of our pauperism,—can it be doubted, I say, that such a scheme would be the most precious gift which Providence could bestow upon this toiling and struggling nation, and would do much to save us from the wreck of revolution which is now desolating so many kingdoms of the continent of Europe, and from that more silent but more fatal bankruptcy and decay to which we are now most manifestly hastening?

I do not hesitate to say, then, that such a remedy *can* be found in the propagation of those principles respecting poverty, celibacy, and monasticism which are bound up with the very life of the Catholic religion, and in the encouragement of that disregard of earthly wealth which the Catholic religion tends to nourish in the bosom of its faithful children. Without any agrarian law, without one item of unjust taxation of a particular class, without the shadow of countenance to the schemes of the Socialist and the Communist; here we have a system of faith and morals which stimulates the rich voluntarily to descend from their elevation, not to join the ranks of *pauperism*, but of those who, though poor, are no burdens to the community, and who produce more than they consume; and which would

erect in every city of the empire, and in every dozen or score of country parishes, an institution filled with men and women who would be the fairest of dealers, the most lenient of rulers, and the most liberal of landowners. Scattered thickly throughout the land, we should have one whole class of the population devoted to the counteraction of the ruinous tendencies of the general course of trade, commerce, agriculture, and money-lending; one whole class whose business it would be, as fast as the eager excitement of an ambitious race overloaded with weight the upper stories of the social edifice, to replace the stones of the building in a lower position, and daily to strengthen that solid and humble foundation which is daily robbed of its strength by the passionate love of show and splendour of its ordinary inhabitants. Catholicism, including the celibacy of the clergy and monasticism, is the only possible safety-valve for the superfluous steam of the vast engine of modern society; and they who, as I have done, have come to learn by their own experience what Catholicism really is, in its children and in its general workings, are filled with a conviction

which no sophistry can shake, that in its propagation in this land is to be found the only permanent security for England's prosperity and greatness, for her freedom and for her peace. I do not mean that Catholicism must again become the established religion of the country. Far from it: so far as human foresight can tell, this will never be; and so far as human wisdom can judge, it would be well that this should never be. But seeing as I do the course of modern society, and the utter impotence of all political schemes and of all forms of Protestantism to cope with that awful evil which the popular eye, in its miserable short-sighted folly, still fails to discern, but which is hurrying upon us with steps all the more fatally swift because they are noiseless; and knowing as I do by the most careful observation what Catholicism is, both in theory and in practice, I place my only hope for this still great, and, in many things, this noble nation, in the cordial reception of the Catholic religion by a very numerous portion of all ranks and classes in the community.

[To be continued.]

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#### PROTESTANT PROPHECIES OF THE FALL OF THE PAPACY.

A CORRESPONDENT (W. R.), a member of the Anglican Church, calls our attention to the fact that the present period has been long ago laid down, by certain Protestant writers on prophecy, as the time when the temporal power of the Popes would either perish or receive a shock. He also speaks of those interpretations of the books of Daniel and of the Revelation which regard the Pope as Antichrist, as creating in his mind, and in the mind of many others, the great gulf between themselves and the Catholic Church; and requests us to throw what light we can upon the difficulties he feels, as he admits that he is not without certain leanings to the Church of Rome. We do not exactly see what the interpretations above alluded to respecting the temporal power of the Pope have to do with the question of his *spiritual* authority; but as there are other points mentioned in our correspondent's letter which are of a more practical character, we shall endeavour to reply to his queries in the same courteous spirit in which he puts them.

As to the first point which our correspondent urges, viz. the fact that Fleming and Irving said that the Pope's temporal power would be shattered about this time, we are confident that a little consideration will shew him that it has nothing whatever to do with the claims of the Pope of Rome to exercise supreme jurisdiction in the Catholic Church. This jurisdiction is purely a spiritual jurisdic-

tion. The temporal power is a mere adjunct, —a device adopted by the Popes for the purpose of enabling them to exercise their ecclesiastical functions with perfect liberty of action. It is no more a necessary part of their office, as Vicars of Christ on earth, than stone-buildings and silk vestments are necessary to the administration of the sacraments and the preaching of the word of God. Whether, therefore, the Pope retain or lose his sovereignty of Rome,—whether he preserve it intact, or consent to a limitation of his powers,—his claim upon the obedience of Christians remains the same. Pius the Ninth, like every one of the most enlightened of his children, conceives that the retention of the temporal power is in the highest degree important in the actual state of the world, in order to ensure to him a perfect freedom of action; but there is not a Catholic on earth who would think the *essence* of the Papacy even touched if republicanism were to reign at Rome till the day of judgment, and the present and all future Popes to be wanderers up and down on the face of the earth. Besides, our correspondent forgets that the temporal power is not yet gone. It is only suspended, as we believe, and perhaps will be restored before these words are in type. There is nothing new in a temporary exile of the Pope from Rome. Republicanism has shewn its front again and again in the Eternal City, with even more reckless audacity and more savage

bloodthirstiness than during the last twelve months. If our correspondent will look to the past as well as to the future,—if he will read books of history as well as speculations upon the Apocalypse,—if he will exchange guess-work for facts,—he will not be surprised either at the imperturbable calmness with which Pius the Ninth views his exile, as a temporary chastisement upon the Church, or at the confidence with which Catholics believe that, whether or not the temporal power is to last as long as the spiritual, at any rate the separation is not to be as yet.

Our correspondent expresses surprise, in which, we believe, many Protestants sympathise with him, at the apparent indifference with which Catholics treat the interpretations put upon the Bible prophecies by anti-Catholic interpreters, such as Newton, Clarke, Mede, Irving, &c. The explanation of this indifference is twofold. In the first place, Catholic theologians or controversialists cannot possibly busy themselves with the opinions held on any subject by persons whom they consider in error as to the very first principles of religious belief. It is no more to them what interpretation is put upon an obscure passage of Scripture by a Socinian, like Sir Isaac Newton, or an Arian, like Clarke, or a time-serving, back-stairs-frequenting prelate, like Bishop Newton, than what speculations a Mahometan mufti may invent with respect to the Koran. If, by studying the writings of these anti-Catholic writers, we could do any good to persons in our own generation, and could gather arguments to convert them to the true religion, we should not hesitate to undertake the tedious task. But as we think these kinds of subjects have nothing whatever to do with the questions under discussion, we naturally prefer the study of truth to the study of error. We are not looking out for a Church, or a Saviour, or a Gospel. We have all three; we have all we desire for ourselves; and when we busy ourselves with the writings of those who are naturally on the look-out for all these, or one of these, it is for their sake, and not for our own.

That the study of unfulfilled prophecy is a proper guide to the knowledge of truth, the Catholic strenuously denies. The whole course of thought to which our correspondent alludes, and by which he seems disposed to search for the knowledge of salvation, is radically and irremediably false and deceptive. It is indeed wonderful how persons of ordinary sense should suppose that an acquaintance with *futurity* should lead a man to an acquaintance with the *past!* The notion that the question between Protestantism and Catholicism is to be settled by studying Daniel and the Apocalypse, is—we trust our correspondent will pardon our freedom—so ludicrous, when brought into the light of day,

that one is astonished that any one in his senses should really be content to risk his soul's salvation on such a mode of argument. The knowledge of the past may help us to some little knowledge of the future, though even this can be nothing more than conjecture; but how a knowledge of what is to happen at the end of the world is to help us to a knowledge of the meaning of words uttered by our Blessed Lord and the apostles and evangelists eighteen hundred years ago, it passes imagination to conceive.

Our correspondent needs not that we remind him that the question between Rome and Protestantism, between Evangelicalism and Puseyism, between Episcopacy and Calvinism, is nothing more or less than a question as to what was actually said and done by certain individuals eighteen centuries ago. The question is historical, critical, and metaphysical, and has no more to do with the nature of the events which were foreshadowed by the prophetic parts of the Bible, than with the invention of railways or the steam-press. It is a question whether or not the Founder of the Christian religion commanded his followers to seek for a knowledge of his will at the lips of his authorised ministers, who expounded the creed of the universal Church, or whether He commanded each individual man, *whether he could read or not*, to examine into the contents of a certain book, to be afterwards written, and interpret its meaning by his own private abilities. Prophecy does not bear upon the question at all. Not the most fanatical of visionaries ever pretended that Jesus Christ desired his disciples to *find out how they were to be saved* by the study of prophecy. For whatever purpose He gave certain prophecies, they were not for *this* purpose. They were committed to the keeping of men who were already Christians, who had learnt the truth, and who were to be made perfect by meditating upon and practising what they had already learned, and not by attempting to penetrate into the dark mysteries of futurity.

This will serve to shew the true bearings of the texts in the Bible which describe the *waiting* of pious Jews for the coming of the Messiah, which they grounded upon the prophecies that God had vouchsafed them. A very slight consideration is sufficient to prove that there exists no parallel whatever between the circumstances of these ancient students of prophecy, and those of our modern interpreters. The devout Jew had *not* attained to a knowledge of the truth which God had long promised to mankind. The Saviour was not come. The universal Church was not founded. The Spirit was not yet given in its fulness. Therefore every pious heart longed and prayed for the advent of the day of mercy, and watched every sign which betokened its

advance. But the Protestant student of prophecy does directly the reverse. He professes to have found Jesus, to know the Gospel, to be within the Church; and yet he is so blind as to suppose that holy Simeon of old set him an example in the interpretation of prophecy. And when controversy arises, and doubts force themselves upon his mind, and he is compelled to admit that, after all, *he* may be in error and others in the right, instead of doing what the pious Jews did, and meditating on the prophecies which foretold the coming of Christ, the Saviour of men, he meditates on the prophecies which foretel the coming of Antichrist, the destroyer of souls! If the example of Simeon and others is to be followed, in all truth and consistency let their zeal and practice be imitated; and let them not be quoted as an authority for a system to which they gave not a moment's countenance.

At the same time we cannot but perceive that there *is* a strange significancy in this searching into the future which is characteristic of many religious Protestants. They do feel that they have *not* found Christ. In spite of all their assertions, they are conscious that their feet are not *on the rock*. They are "waiting for the consolation of Israel." Storms and tempests are round about them, and their souls are troubled. They cannot reconcile their creed with their common sense, and with the facts of history, past and present. Fanaticism may suggest what it will; *that* cannot be the divinely appointed way to learn the truth, which leads honest and sincere men to diametrically opposite conclusions. The astounding thought *will* cross their minds, that for many years the Christian Church existed *without a Bible*; that centuries passed before the present Bible was gathered into one volume and given to the whole Church; that if truth is to be discovered by reading the Bible, then the vast majority of men cannot learn it, because they cannot read at all. The Bible itself, with all the light which shines from its pages, is a strange, mysterious, enigmatical book to them after all. They see they have not the true key to its hidden treasures. They long for the morning star to arise. In a word, the promised Saviour is not come to them.

Therefore, seeing in the midst of the world a mighty, awful institution, dark, powerful, terrible, enduring; and reading in the Bible certain marvellous words of a great foe to God and man, to come in the latter days, and described by certain signs which they imagine they also see in this wonderful institution;—seeing thus the Church of Rome around them, and reading of Antichrist in the Scriptures, half in terror, half in hope, they identify the two at once, and fondly believe that by proving that Rome and Antichrist are one, they have found the redemption they wait for, and are

giving rest to their souls. The mysteriousness of prophecy is its attractive charm to their minds. They yearn for something sublime, something supernatural, something amazing and overpowering to the human intellect. They want to behold some fearful manifestation of divine power, if not in love, yet at least in wrath, going on in the midst of this sinful generation; the contemplation of a mystery of iniquity becomes a religion to them, because the mystery of love, as far as they know it, is neither a mystery, nor is it love. And so they fondly cling to these wild speculations; and in place of thinking upon God, and Christ, and eternal truths, they fix their trembling gaze upon Satan, and Antichrist, and ever-changing, ever-punished delusion and sin.

Of what use the prophecies of Scripture practically are, we are taught by our blessed Lord himself, in the Gospel of St. John. His words are these: "Now, I have told you before it come to pass; that when it shall come to pass you may believe." Prophecy is to be comprehended when the events foretold *are* fulfilled; but it is not given to man to interpret it before the day of fulfilment has arrived. Before the coming of Jesus Christ, the most learned and the most pious of Jews could frame but a very faint and inadequate conception of his nature, his power, and the circumstances of his life and passion. Eminently practical as was the question to the Jew, and momentously important as it was that, when the Saviour came, every earnest soul should recognise Him, yet it is historically clear that until the actual events of his birth, his life, and his sufferings *explained* the signification of the Old Testament prophecies, the conceptions of the Jews respecting their Deliverer were singularly inadequate, defective, or erroneous. And so will it be with the prophecies of the end of the world. When the last days *are* come, and the heavens and the earth are passing away, they who wait, and love, and have already known and obeyed the truth, will recognise in them the fulfilment of their Master's words; they will remember that He told them of them. The moment it becomes *practically* important that the prophecies should be understood, the faithful soul will have sufficient tokens to guide it in holding fast to its Lord and Saviour, and in rejecting the delusions of Antichrist. But while the world goes on as now, for however short a period that may be, uncalled-for interpretations of these mysterious announcements will serve but as an *ignis fatuus* to mislead the unwary and ignorant, and to tempt them to their death in the deep slough of heresy and corruption, in the vain belief that they are following the rays of the Sun of righteousness.

We must also remind our correspondent of one very important feature in this whole con-

troversy as to the nature and identity of Anti-christ. He does not seem to be aware that to be called Antichrist is a mark of the true Church. "If they have called the good man of the house Beelzebub," said our blessed Lord, "how much more them of his household." And this is precisely true of the Catholic Church. The Church of Rome *alone* is stigmatised as the Antichrist of prophecy. We do not call any separatist communion, or any man, or any civil society, the Antichrist foretold in Scripture. We see workings of the antichristian spirit in the world about us in all ages. St. Paul tells us that the mystery of iniquity already worked in his time. That same diabolical spirit which is hereafter to be embodied in some mysterious and portentous incarnation of evil, and to be the Antichrist, has never ceased to trouble the Church of God for a day or an hour. But the Catholic Church has never imputed to any one of her foes that in *him* these prophecies are completely fulfilled, as it is imputed by them to *her*. Julian, Mahomet, Luther, the modern infidels, and many another source of sin

and delusion, are antichristian, but not one of them is supposed by us to be *the man of sin* who is to scourge the world in the last days. Of us alone it is said that these awful prophecies *are fulfilled in ourselves*. Pius IX., and the Church which he represents, is the only being on earth of whom it is alleged that he is Beelzebub, as of Christ himself it was said that He was Beelzebub. So far as any thing at all is to be gathered from the prophecies of Scripture and their fulfilment during the past 1800 years, so far they shew that the Pope *alone* has shared the accusations which the Jews laid at the door of Jesus Christ himself. In communion with the Pope, therefore, *alone*, is salvation promised to man.

We trust that our correspondent will find satisfaction in what we have thus briefly stated. From the general terms in which he puts forward his views, we find it difficult to meet them in more precise terms. But if we understand him aright, we must confess that the points we have urged upon him in reply seem to us perfectly unanswerable.

## THE NEW CROOK IN THE LOT.

*A Tale of the Nineteenth Century.*

[Continued from p. 117.]

### CHAPTER XX.

Separations and engagements.

THE day of reality to Player was almost come. It was its eve. He sat thoughtful, determined, and alone. The month of preparation had been hard to endure, but, on the whole, it had been a wholesome discipline. He had conferred with himself as to what he was to say on the morrow, and already he seemed to himself to be an engaged man. It was the greatest circumstance of all his life. It was pure, unadulterated reality. The visionary Player was gone. Before the approaching meeting, all fancies had fled. He was going to be a married man—an excellent husband—romance was no more.

Hours of silence past. Then came a knock at the door, and the appearance of a servant with a note. The servant disappeared—the note was on the table unread—still Player sat thoughtful and determined; but not so much alone, for he kept glancing at the note, addressed in an unrecognised hand, which required no answer, and felt that it concerned his destiny.

At last he opened the note, and began to read.

"Dear Mr. Player,—I have been thinking for the whole month what I had better do—what I ought to do. It is no use apologising; and I comfort myself with thinking that you

brought this foolish affair upon yourself. I have often accompanied the Countess on her charitable excursions, or partly on them, as on the morning when I met you first, at the Colosseum. The second time I remained with the intention of making myself known to you; but your mistaking me for somebody else, and my becoming so unintentionally the depository of your secret, so agitated me, that I could not tell how to do otherwise than I did. If I have done any thing which requires your forgiveness, pray grant it to me. I have not mentioned the adventure to any one, and I never shall mention it. You will best gratify me, and shew your clemency, by never alluding to what has passed; and I hope that you will believe me

"Your very sincere friend,

"ELEANOR FREEMAN."

Human nature is a very strange thing. Player had made up his mind to be a married man; and though he felt extremely relieved in one way, he was actually disappointed in another. There had been a bubble—a mere empty bubble—nothing else; and now it had burst—that was all—and he was disappointed.

It is, however, a fact, that before a week had passed, he had proposed *once*; and though he had all his life declared that he never would ask a woman twice, he had proposed *twice* to

Eleanor Freeman, and had been each time refused. And it is equally certain, that he had a very honest admiration of Eleanor; and that a long discussion on the last occasion had brought him very much to his senses, and that he was very earnestly in love. Eleanor had said that he was very much to be admired; but that he was a visionary: and could a woman trust her happiness, or dare to bestow her heart, upon such an one? Suppose that his present affection should turn out to be only a thing of a season? No; she dared not marry him. But Player did not despair. There was no making out of views here—all was fact; a charming and accomplished woman, so very straight-seeing and sensible—uncommonly sensible, Player thought. And there was no doubt about his own feelings. He had the deepest respect for her. He even thought that she was quite right in refusing him; and he liked her all the better for it. Let us leave Player for a while to hope and perseverance.

At Major Carminowe's there had been an arrival. Mr. Villars was there. Lady Emily was made very happy by his visit, but Katherine was awkward and constrained; she had lost "the mutual look,"

"When hearts are of each other sure."

But respect and affection triumphed at last; and the day after his arrival she met him with something of ancient warmth, and he returned her advances with even parental fondness. Katherine, immediately after, felt abashed to find that they were alone. She took her place at the breakfast-table, and half-a-dozen times changed the position of the cups and saucers, and then put them all back to their places. She longed to ask after Arthur Staurton, but could not; she longed to say something else, but could not command another idea. Mr. Villars walked from one window to the other. All at once he turned round and spoke.

"Katherine, I must speak to you. I am not to be refused. Where shall I see you?—in your own sitting-room, at eleven o'clock?"

Kate faintly uttered "Yes;" and Lady Emily and her husband came in.

Eleven o'clock, the hour of their appointed interview, came. Kate was sitting in her room; and Mr. Villars, with characteristic punctuality, was there at the striking of the clock. Their first topic was the death of Anna; and after that had been entered upon and discussed of with genuine feeling and goodness, there came a long pause. Kate occupied a low seat; on the high back he rested his arm. She was occupied on some delicate description of knitting; and the old man stood over her, and watched her guiding the fine white thread before the long needles, and through a variety of intermediate intricacies.

"How incomprehensible it is!"

"What is?"

"That knitting."

"Oh! the knitting. I am glad—I was afraid"—

"That '*incomprehensible*' might be differently applied? Well—you were right, I think. Now, tell me, Kate, may I speak to you about Arthur?"

A thousand tender sensations rushed to Katherine's mind, and then a terrible dread. "Oh, Mr. Villars!" she cried, "do not tempt me; you know all; you know what I have done!"

"Think no more of it," he cried.

"I say, don't tempt me!" repeated Kate, with earnestness; "I have done something—I scarcely know what it is—but I feel that I have done something, and that I ought not, must not, and indeed, Mr. Villars, I do not wish—I *really* do not wish to make any change in my position."

But Kate was not insensible to the witness within, that such a husband as Arthur Staurton, so kindly chosen by her departed mother, so highly regarded by herself, was not a thing to be resigned as valueless or uninteresting; but then the dread of doing wrong, the fear of trifling with holy things, oppressed her, and the current of natural feeling was forced back,—she did not wish, she *would not* wish to alter her position.

Mr. Villars regarded her steadfastly. "I am to understand," he said, "that you could not love my nephew?"

"Could not love him?" murmured Kate, musingly.

"Yes, that you could not love Arthur Staurton." Mr. Villars spoke with the desperate vigour of one determined to arrive at truth.

"I wish you to understand that I cannot marry him," said Katherine.

"*Then you do love him?*"

Kate shook with emotion. After a strong effort, she was calm enough to speak; but her voice was thick, and her utterance slow. "Mr. Villars, whenever it may please God to grant me the power to perform the promise I have made to the Church, it will not be without self-denial."

"May God forgive us!" exclaimed Mr. Villars; and was leaving the room.

Kate called him back. "I hear, my dear sir, that my cousins wish you to travel towards England with us; may I depend on your not again mentioning the subject?"

"You may, Katherine—you may." And he went away.

We left Player to hope and perseverance. In a short time he was successful. He had made a full confession to the Duchess, and she had pleaded with Eleanor; and somehow, when Katherine received a note from Player, to tell her that he was a happy and an accepted lover, it made her feel very strange and isolated. She had not expected it—he going to be married, and yet she could not marry—it was an uncomfortable announcement. Mr. Villars, Major Carminowe, and Lady Emily, were animated

in their satisfaction and congratulations; the dear, excellent Duchess, it was whispered, had, in some unexplained manner, helped to bring it about. Was every one to find social happiness except herself? Sorrow about Anna, disappointment about Arthur, surprise about Player, and shame over herself, made a very heavy burden for Kate; and a burden she was obliged to bear alone—who could sympathise with her?

But now another scene passed before Katherine, and withdrew her meditations from herself. Adolph's sweet spirit found its eternal home. The child was dead.

And again another event. Young Jonathan had been with him in his last days of gentle fading from life: he had witnessed the consolations of religion; he had sympathised in the strong faith of the departing soul; he had seen him go. And then, before the crucifix that stood on the temporary altar erected in the chamber of death, he had prostrated, and called himself a Catholic.

"So soon," said the Duchess, "is the vacancy filled up in the number of the Church's children! I will take you, in place of my lost one," she said to Jonathan. And when the youth returned to his father, he was a member of the one true Church, and the adopted child of the Duchess.

Of Jonathan Humlove, *verbi Dei ministri*, how can we write? Argument was no use with his son, the pleadings of affection were in vain; the boy heard, and felt, but he was a Catholic; with all his heart, and in deep thankfulness of soul he was a Catholic; not any thing that could be said or done could avail, the boy was a Catholic; and—oh, additional distress, and aggravation of misery—already he was praying that he might one day be a priest.

Mrs. Bellomi was full of tenderness both to father and son. Her heart was merry over both, but in very different ways; and she had sympathy for both, but of very different kinds. She was more than commonly contradictory, and more than commonly kind-hearted. She smiled her compassion on the minister, and wept her joy over the convert; and Mr. Humlove determined to leave Rome, and immediately execute the plan for joining Reeves at Naples.

His farewells were made to the Duchess, and his acknowledgments also; for she had made, and he had accepted, her offer, of educating his son. But Mr. Humlove's chief consolations were derived from the satisfying assurances of his excellence, wisdom, and prudence, which he had received from the elder Miss Freeman, whom he had chosen to receive his confession of feared short-comings in parental duties towards Jonathan. The lady's assiduities were opportune and grateful. So much so, that in a favourable moment, before his departure for Naples, Mr. Humlove expressed

his sense of them in a manner fatal to all the hopes of the spinsters of Simplebury, and, we are afraid, of Miss Susan Spooner in particular. This was a circumstance of great moment to Player—it involved a sort of relationship to Humlove, for his wife would call him uncle; and, further, Mr. Freeman, who had always been a bore to Player, would now wish to live with his daughter. It was a severe trial to put to Player's sincerity, and to the steadfastness of his feelings. He stood it bravely. He was not sorry to be tried, and to shew Eleanor that in her cause he was no longer the fanciful, fastidious being of a few months before. He congratulated Mr. Humlove, and wished Miss Freeman happiness, and desired Mr. Freeman to make any arrangements with his daughter that he pleased. The marriages were to take place at Florence, where Mr. Humlove was to join them, and where Player was to accompany them. Eleanor and Player soon paid their parting visit to the Duchess.

"Farewell!" she said; "we have not been thrown together without a purpose, as witness my adopted Jonathan. You will one day know better than you now know," she said to Player, impressively; "and when that day comes, Eleanor will be no difficulty to you; and *do you remember Katherine*. In the mean time I commend you to Her whose powerful intercession destroys all heresies, and to St. Raphael, faithful guide of those who have lost their way."

#### CHAPTER XXI.

The return home.

THE journey to England was made, not with any harassing speed, but so as to afford time for the relaxation of mind and body; and after such a time as had been found agreeable, a travelling carriage, in which Mr. Villars occupied a seat, was welcomed with noisy acclamations in the village of Westerton, and passed through it, and on to the Hall. To all hearts the old house was dear, and to all eyes beautiful. And now they were at home again; and tears of sorrow mingled with tears of joy, as old Michael, in mourning for his grandchild, was spoken with, and loving words of welcome and congratulation were blended.

And after a few days many of the first pleasantnesses of a return had been enjoyed. And how many there were! So many loved old pensioners—so many young smiling creatures, on whom a few months of absence had wrought a greater change than years could work on others. And favourite horses and dogs; favourite trees and flowers; favourite haunts, without doors and within; and to Katherine, chief of all loved places within, was a room in one of the old towers, once her father's and mother's, then her mother's only, and now, at her own desire, her own. It had been their private sitting-room; and a gun and belt, some strangely-fashioned sticks, a riding-whip, a pair

of spurs, and other things of such-like character, still hung about; and a harp of comparatively ancient date, a spinning-wheel, and other utensils suited to woman's work and accomplishments, told its history. Dear Westerton! she was there again; and she clung more to such inanimate sources of pleasure, because the creatures of real life had become divested, in a great measure, of the romance that hope and enthusiasm had flung around them.

There had also been other arrivals. Mr. Newcome and Jane had arrived, and with them Rachel Meadows. Lady Harris, on meeting her niece at Florence, had performed one of those feats of dexterous manœuvring in which she was unquestionably unrivalled. She had effected an exchange between William and Rachel, and then started off with her son, leaving Rachel to travel with the bride and bridegroom. Sir James, Lady Harris, and William, were still loitering on the Continent; and Lady Harris had written to England, to the elder Reeves, to prepare a home for Miss Meadows. Rachel was living at the park-keeper's lodge, in rooms expressly prepared for her, and waited upon by the good woman and her daughter, who kept the house. Lady Harris had told Rachel at parting with her, that, in consideration of past events, it would be best for her *not* to look forward to a return to their roof, at least under present circumstances; that the woman at the Lodge would be handsomely remunerated for her being there; and that, for her food and clothing, Sir James begged her acceptance of eighty pounds a year. A note, assuring her of this, was in Sir James's handwriting, and to it was added from him an entreaty, that if she found this too little for her requirements, she would apply to him for more. The annuity was to be paid quarterly, through Mr. Reeves the bailiff.

Rachel had been occupied while at Florence in making arrangements for travelling with Mrs. Newcome; and Lady Harris, with very little contriving, so managed matters, that she and William never met during a three days' stay there; and neither of them wished to meet. The leave-taking was affecting. Lady Harris expressed an unwavering affection for Rachel, and thanked her for the happiness she had given her; and Sir James, thrusting ten pounds into her hand for present necessities, which he would not allow her to refuse, begged her to write often, and said that he should long to see her again.

On arriving in England, Rachel first spent a few days with Mr. and Mrs. Newcome at Westerton, and then was brought by them to her new abode. All was really made as nice as the circumstances permitted. Her sitting-room was furnished very prettily; her little library had been brought from the house; her bed-room was a specimen of elegant neatness; and the good old woman and her homely

daughter received her with every mark of pleasure and respect.

"Oh, Jane, this must be your doing," cried Rachel.

"Only in a very secondary way," said Jane. "My aunt particularly begged that I would see that all things were as nicely arranged as possible. Is there any thing else that you would like, Rachel?"

There was a good deal of embarrassment in Jane's manner, and Rachel felt it. "Oh, nothing more, Jane—thank you for all I see. I shall be happy—yes, I dare say I shall be quite happy." But Rachel would not have thus tried to assure herself of happiness, if she had not felt prophetically doubtful.

At first, the retired tranquillity of this abode was grateful to Rachel; but before many days had elapsed a sense of desolation came, which a less strong-minded person would have made a source of abiding misery. She was cut off from all the sympathies of life. She, who had so lately been a first object of consideration, for whom the rules of society had been changed, and a variety of unaccustomed habits introduced into a luxurious house;—she, on whose lips so many had waited, and whose opinion had been looked upon as something only less than inspiration;—she was put aside as useless—she was banished, and deserted. Rachel knew that she was, as far as possible, deserted—that she was friendless; and after a short time her spirit grew sadly desolate. Mr. and Mrs. Jarvis, and Ellen Jarvis, had been to see her, and it was a pleasure, but a transitory one; Lady Emily and Katherine had also called upon her; but still she wanted position and friends—she was desolate and unprotected, and terribly alone. Some weeks passed on in this state, and Rachel grew so nervous, that when, one day, she heard Newcome's cheerful voice and Jane's merry laugh, as they stopped to chat with the old woman below, she felt agitated and alarmed, and could scarcely return Jane's warm embrace without tears or excitement. Mr. Newcome said that he should leave his wife with Rachel while he walked on to Westerton; and as soon as he was gone, Jane clasped Rachel in her arms affectionately, and said: "I have something to tell you. I am going to tell you, because my husband desires that I should tell you; and I wish I had talked to you before, only my aunt, on our leaving Florence, said that I had better not talk to you; and, you know, we generally obeyed her."

"What is it?" asked Rachel.

"Oh, dear Rachel, it is only what you know already," replied Jane; "only you do not perhaps know that we were told all about William, by himself, and that Lady Harris also mentioned it. Now, Stephen says that you will be happier when we have talked of it; and he wishes us to continue dear friends, as we have ever been."

"Thank you for telling me that you are in your aunt's confidence," said Rachel gently. "And you know, my dear Jane, that I could not have done other than I have done."

"Indeed, Rachel," replied Jane, "I am not going to blame you, but I do not understand you, as I once thought that I did; and you make me unhappy. Poor William, I love him sincerely; and he would not have felt your refusal so much if it had not been mixed up with that odious Reeves."

"Jane!" exclaimed Rachel.

"I cannot help your being angry," returned Jane, quite mistaking her friend's feelings; "and I will never say so again if you dislike it; but we should be happier if we were sure that you would never, *never* marry him."

Rachel had allowed Jane to proceed in an explanation which ill-repressed agitation had made rather obscure, from entire inability to interrupt her; and now she said, with all the composure she could assume, "Dear Jane, where did you learn this about Reeves?"

"From uncle and aunt, and from William himself, when he first came to us. Oh, how miserable he was! And, forgive me, Rachel, but you had not been candid with him about Reeves."

Rachel would not alarm Jane's kind-heartedness by betraying the anguish that this communication excited, and she was afraid to awaken Jane's indignation while there remained any thing for her to know. She therefore still struggled to preserve her exterior composure, and now quietly asked, "How did William know any thing about Reeves?"

"He was in the room when Reeves had the interview with Lady Harris about being a missionary, and about you. William thought he must have died when Reeves said that he loved you, and that you knew it. And William was so anxious for your letter. He wished to marry you in spite of every thing, if you loved him. But when the answer did come, then he knew that what my aunt had said was true."

"And what had Lady Harris said?"

"Why do you ask me, when you know?" said Jane, a little impatiently. "She said that you would never love any man properly, and that you had involved yourself with Reeves."

"Where is Reeves, and where is Lady Harris?" asked Rachel.

"I don't know where my aunt is: we direct our letters to their banker in Paris. But Reeves is in London with Mr. Ridley Spouter."

For a few moments indignation got the better of Rachel's habitual patience. "Vile, false woman!" she exclaimed. "Why did you not tell me yourself of that man's designs, and protect me from him? Why did you not give your son the satisfaction of knowing that no such unworthy being was ranked against him? Why did you not give me an opportunity of saying that such reports were false? Why? because"—and herself answered herself—"be-

cause she desired to deceive—because she was bent on compassing his disappointment, and tried only to shield herself!"

In mute surprise Jane now heard Rachel's story—and she heard all. Newcome was also told the truth, and he too saw that Lady Harris had preserved her own position with her son by sacrificing Rachel, and that she had positively leagued with Joseph Reeves against her. The friends were obliged to part, but they did not do so till they had expressed their unanimous wish to separate Rachel from Lady Harris's influence.

"I will use the gift her kind husband bestowed on me—I have a right to do that," said Rachel, "and I will try to earn my bread. She has cancelled every tie that bound me to her. I will never trust her any more."

"May I write to William?" asked Newcome.

"Tell William as much as you please," replied Rachel. "But this thing remember—I cannot marry him: he has passed through the trial from which I thought I could have saved him. If any affection remains for me, bid him conquer it: believe me, I shall never marry."

"I do believe you," said Newcome. And he and his wife returned to Westerton.

During the time that had thus passed with Rachel, Lady Emily and Major Carminowe had been making those changes in the beloved old Hall which were necessary to their feelings of home and comfort. Yet such was their veneration for the past, and those connected with it, that they made no merely fanciful alterations, but preserved things, as far as possible, in their accustomed places, and rejoiced to live among the associations of their childhood. And this pleased Katherine particularly, and she felt to love them all the better for it.

The greatest and most entire change was the fitting up of a room on the ground-floor for a temporary chapel, till a church adjoining the house could be erected. With much zeal and love this had now been accomplished; and a day had arrived when Mass, for the first time since the evil days, had been said at the Hall.

The Catholic master and mistress, and their personal servants who were of the true faith, had all assisted at Mass, and communicated. The priest was Father Dennis, from the convent at Westerton. The day passed on, and a holy calm seemed to dwell upon it. The evening came: it was a still summer's evening, and a white mist was curling up from the river, and filling the valley that extended from the house to the village. This mist was not an unfrequent incident, and very beautiful in its appearance, as it rolled its flimsy-looking clouds over the low land, and rose against the abrupt hill-side, spotted with stunted trees and rugged granite, that bounded the prospect from the Hall on the left, and was called 'the Scaur.' Lady Emily sought her husband; he was gazing from a window in the hall.

"That sort of thing seems to me always to belong to Westerton," he said; "one never sees any thing quite like it elsewhere."

"Very true, dear Alfred;" and she put one hand within her husband's arm, and with the other opened the leaves of a book that Major Carminowe held, and which he had lately been using. "What is this?" she asked.

"You know—at least you have seen it before," he answered.

It was a book of devotion,—a form of prayer, as a preparation for sudden death.

"It is a soldier's book, my Emily," he said, smiling. "Sudden death in a peculiar manner belongs to our profession; but it need, thank God, never be an unprepared death."

"I know the book," replied she; "but I did not know that you used it *now*, dear Alfred," she added tenderly.

"I use it daily, my dear Emily; and I hope never to relinquish the habit."

The husband and wife spoke a while longer on holy habits and desires.

Before they parted, they had discussed other matters also.

Lady Emily was going to the village with Kate and Mr. Villars. They should call at the Vicarage,—would Major Carminowe accompany them? He said that he could not, that he had some letters to write; but that if they would go, he would come later in the evening, and walk home with them.

Very soon the party were going.

"Which way will you walk?" asked Lady Emily of her cousin; "by the carriage-drive, or will you take the foot-way by the Scaur?"

"The mist hangs that side," answered Katherine; "I should recommend our going by the drive."

Katherine was very glad to get her cousin to accompany her. She had got quite to dread the discussion of parish matters by Mrs. Jarvis, and the spreading out of the plan for the school-house by Mr. Jarvis; and the interest she felt obliged to assume, when, in fact, she was sick at heart with despair, tried her very much.

"Dear mamma!" exclaimed Ellen Jarvis, as she stood at the window, accomplishing some last stitches on a poor child's frock by the expiring light,—"dear mamma, do come here, and see who this is. Yes—I am quite sure—indeed, indeed it is Joseph Reeves!"

"Nonsense!" cried Mrs. Jarvis, but she really looked ready to faint. "What is he doing, Ellen?"

"Oh, poor mamma! that man was certainly born to be your evil genius. You look actually ill."

"Don't mind my looks, Ellen. What is he doing?" repeated Mrs. Jarvis, with no little impetuosity.

"Talking to Charlotte, mamma, over the garden rails."

"Good gracious, how improper! That child

must not be allowed to talk to every body who passes up and down the road, in that manner."

Then Mrs. Jarvis jumped up; but as if she really did not know what to do, she asked, "Ellen, where's your father?"

"Gone out for a little fresh air," said Ellen. "You recollect, he has been all the afternoon closeted with poor Rachel Meadows. He has really had a busy day."

"It's always the same, I think. But do, Ellen, call in Charlotte."

"She is coming, mamma, and Mr. Reeves is gone." Ellen turned from the window; her mother sunk into her chair; and Charlotte came bounding into the room, delighted to see Lady Emily, Mr. Villars, and Katherine.

"Charlotte, was that Joseph Reeves?"

"Yes, mamma."

"What did he want?"

"He asked if papa was at home."

"He has been trouble enough to poor papa already," exclaimed the lady. "He has been at the bottom of more than half the mischief in the parish. I hope he has brought no further troubles to us. What did you say, Charlotte?"

"I said that papa was not at home; and then he asked if Miss Meadows was here: he said he had been to the Lodge, and had been told that she was at the Vicarage."

"Well?"

"I said that Rachel had been here, but was gone again now. And he said, 'She is really gone, miss, is she?' 'Oh, yes,' said I, 'she is gone to the Hall. I heard her say she was going there.'"

"How impertinently inquisitive!" exclaimed Mrs. Jarvis.

"I thought that the man was in London," said Mr. Villars.

"Oh, he said that he arrived here yesterday," cried Charlotte, "and that he was going back again very soon; that Mr. Ridley Spouter expected him this week. And he said that he had heard from Lady Harris, and that they were all quite well; and he will call again, and see papa; and he said, 'Please to give my compliments, miss.' " And here, as Charlotte had imitated Mr. Reeves's manner more closely than she thought would be approved, she sprung from the open window to the garden, and crying out, "Oh, here's papa!" she skipped to the little gate to let him in.

Tea came, and was partaken of; and as Major Carminowe did not arrive—detained, as they thought, most probably by the arrival of Rachel at the Hall, and as the increasing mist made the night chilly, the ladies took Mr. Villars's advice, and waited for no other escort, but set out on their return.

"I wonder Alfred did not come," said Lady Emily, as they proceeded through the village to return again by the carriage-drive. "Really we might almost pass him in this mist; but stay—there he is—no—yet surely some one moved!"

And some one did move rapidly, as if to conceal himself from their view.

"Here, friend!" cried Mr. Villars; "have you seen Major Carminowe?"

The figure emerged from its concealed position, and darted rapidly away from them; but not so rapidly as to prevent being recognised.

"It is Joseph Reeves," said Mr. Villars. "How strange that he should be lurking about in this manner! He was surely standing by that poor girl's former home. It looks desolate enough, shut up as it is. Poor Anna!—a day may come when his soul may be moved to do her justice: even now, perhaps, he may need our pity."

It was a sad subject. Silently and quickly the party returned to the Hall.

It was true that Reeves had been inquiring for Rachel at her new abode. He was disappointed at not finding her, for he had come armed with a letter from Lady Harris, in which his cause was ably pleaded; and though he did not dare expect immediate success, he certainly did believe that, when Rachel should be left to meditate on the scarcely concealed fact, of her maintenance depending on her acceptance of him, she would, however unwillingly, yield at last.

Rachel did not return to the Lodge till a far later than her usual hour, and then her agitation was such as to affect both her appearance and manner to such a degree, that the good woman of the house—to use her own expression—scarcely knew her, when she opened the door for her admittance. Inquiries about her health were met with short contradictory assurances of her being perfectly well; but when, after midnight, it was discovered that she had not retired to rest; when her quick, uncertain footsteps were heard pacing her small apartment, and her agonised groans were distinctly audible, then the good woman again sought her, and found her kind words and entreaties that she might be allowed to send for some friend, met by such an exhibition of mental torture as she had never before witnessed, and now could not understand. In great alarm, the woman fetched her daughter, and then both agreed that some great trouble was reducing the dear lady to insanity. Theirs was an honest interest, and it was evidenced by many tears. They consulted together on the conduct proper to be pursued, and finally determined on going at daybreak in the morning to Mrs. Newcome, to whom, as being the near relation of Lady Harris, they thought it best to impart their suspicions. This was done, and Newcome himself accompanied the messenger on her return, intending immediately to convey Rachel to their residence at Waterton.

On his arrival at the Lodge, he found Rachel far worse than he had anticipated. He did not question her being on the verge of a delirious fever; and immediately he assumed that

quiet tone of command so constantly beneficial in such cases.

"You are very ill, Miss Meadows," he said; "Jane and I are going to take you under our care. You must prepare to return with me immediately. I have duties which prevent my waiting long; you must therefore forgive my hurrying you."

Rachel gazed at him for an instant, as if she did not rightly comprehend his meaning; but when he again expressed his intention of taking her away with him, she threw herself on the ground, embraced his feet, and invoked a thousand blessings on him. Newcome never ventured to inquire into the cause of her distress. He directed the necessary preparations to be made with the utmost celerity, and then obliged Rachel to partake, though slightly, of some breakfast, which he pretended to have ordered for his own necessities. Rachel submitted to every thing in silence, though with occasional gushings of tears; and this alarming state of excitement continued till they had progressed some way towards Waterton, when, in an interval of calmness, Newcome ventured to address her, but with much fear, for he was under the strongest impression of her being almost insane.

"Miss Meadows, will you tell me if you are in pain? do you suffer any thing? what do you think is the matter?"

"Suffer!" she repeated; "yes, I suffer torture, but of mind, not body. I am well in health—would that I were not—would that I might die!"

"Will you treat me with confidence?" said Newcome. "Is there any thing in particular that you would like to have done for you?"

"Treat you with confidence!" she shuddered; "I cannot—I must not. But what a comfort if I could. Oh, if there were any one to whom I might speak—who would never betray me—to whom I might reveal all—on whose judgment I might rely—who could advise, console, relieve me!"

"Alas, my dear friend, this is indeed distressing to me," said Newcome. "You know that you are speaking to a Catholic, to one who has all these comforts and blessings, and who yet knows that he cannot offer them to you, for you would spurn them on the terms—the only terms—on which they could benefit you."

"Do you indeed enjoy such consolations? If you were in my wretched circumstances, could you prove them for yourself?"

"Yes, I could be advised and consoled; I could relieve my mind of all its woes, and never be betrayed." Newcome remained in thought a few moments, and then added: "Perhaps, in your circumstances, I ought to advise you to go to Mr. Jarvis. If you wish to see him I will go back with you immediately."

"No, no!" exclaimed Rachel, vehemently; "may I never see Westerton again! Besides,

*he would betray me; he would think it his duty to do so. No such confession as I should make would be safe with any one."*

"Except with a Catholic priest," said Newcome, gently.

"But I am not a Catholic!" returned Rachel, with an angry vehemence, which was most unnatural to her. "I am not a Catholic!" she repeated; and then bursting into a paroxysm of emotion, exclaimed, "Alas, alas, I can never be comforted; now, Lord, let me die, for I can never know happiness again."

"You are not a Catholic," said Newcome, in a steady and impressive tone, which had at once a quieting effect upon Rachel; "you are not a Catholic, but *I am*; and if you will sometimes make inquiries about us, you will soon learn enough to relieve your mind of prejudice. You are very ill." Rachel drew her hand across her forehead, and by a gesture acquiesced. "You want medical aid."

"No!" exclaimed Rachel, loudly.

"You want kind nursing, and perfect tranquillity, and the comfort of your own sex about you."

"Yes, yes," sighed Rachel; "mercy and peace."

"Well," continued Newcome, "if I can prevail with the religious sisters at Waterton to take you into their infirmary for a short time, will you go?"

To Newcome's surprise, the answer was, "Shall I be safe? will any one find me out, and take me away?"

To this, the answer, "Perfectly safe,—no one can take you away against your own consent," appeared to be satisfactory; and Rachel spoke of the convent with comfort, and reached Newcome's house in a somewhat pacified state of mind.

Jane was exceedingly shocked to see her friend in so deplorable a state, and listened to the convent plan with thankfulness; for to keep Rachel in her house, and not send for medical advice, to which there were such strong objections, was evidently impossible. Newcome obtained permission to bring Rachel to the convent for at least a week, and she was to be conveyed there the following day. In the

mean time, every hour increased the distress of her friends. She was perpetually asking if any one had come for her, and if she was safe; and beseeching them, in the most touching terms, to preserve her from misery, never to give her up, and never to reveal her hiding-place to any one. But when they spoke of the convent she always listened calmly.

"It is a place," said Jane, "of silence and sacred rest, peace and pure joys."

"Ah, yes, dear Jane, take me there—that is what I want—take me there, good friends."

To their inexpressible relief, Rachel was admitted into the infirmary the next day; and though when Jane visited the convent in the evening, she found Rachel talking wildly, and bewailing some secret distress, she yet saw that two of the sisters seemed already to have interested her; and so she left the convent in comfort and hope.

Jane and Newcome went again to the convent the following morning. Rachel had been extremely ill, and decidedly delirious. Sufficient measures had been taken, and she was now in a dark room, and asleep. Jane was taken to see the suffering slumberer; and, having looked at her for a moment, turned noiselessly away, and rejoined her husband. He was standing in the court; and one of the lay-sisters was listening to some sad tale from a poor person before them. Distress and agitation were on their countenances, and, before Jane could make any inquiries, the truth was told.

"There has been a dreadful accident at Westerton, dear Jane. Major Carminowe has had an accident. He fell down the Scaur—missed his footing in the mist, it is supposed. He was on his way to the village, to meet Lady Emily and Katherine."

"Fallen down the Scaur!" exclaimed Jane. "It was enough to kill him."

"It was," replied her husband gravely. And, drawing her arm within his, he led her aside. Tears were in his eyes.

"Oh! what is it? tell me, I beseech you!" cried Jane.

"It is very terrible," said Newcome;—"dear Jane, he is dead!"

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## Reviews.

### LOYOLA AND JESUITISM.

*Loyola: and Jesuitism in its Rudiments.* By Isaac Taylor. Longmans.

An intelligent and tolerably candid Protestant writer upon the affairs of the Catholic Church is a phenomenon too rare to be lightly passed over. The ordinary run of our assailants are either so thoroughly ignorant of the very elements of Christian doctrine and morals, and of

the real facts of the case which they pretend to investigate, or so hopelessly possessed with the spirit of wrongheadedness and stupidity, that it would be simply a waste of words to reply to their assertions. One might as well fight a wasp with a drawn sword, as enter into a serious discussion with these buzzing, stinging insects. Useless themselves, and gathering no

honey from the fair garden of humanity, they serve only to cause a temporary annoyance to nobler natures, and are most harmless when least noticed. If we now and then catch one of them as it flies along, squeeze it between our fingers, throw it away and forget it, it is the utmost that our leisure and inclination permit.

Mr. Isaac Taylor is a critic and an opponent of a different stamp. He is not stark mad or stone blind on the subject of Popery. He does not devoutly believe that every Jesuit carries about with him materials for poisoning, stabbing, or shooting heretics, and that it is a part of the Catholic faith to worship the Virgin Mary as God; or compose himself to rest at night with the comfortable assurance that the Pope is Antichrist, and all the scores of millions of Catholics who own his rule are on the high road to eternal perdition. On the contrary, he looks at the Catholic Church as a great and solemn fact, to be contemplated and comprehended on the common principles of reason and criticism, and eschews that popular round of argument by which most people dispose of its astonishing claims, after the model of the old fallacy,—“Epimenides says that the Cretans are always liars, but Epimenides is himself a Cretan, therefore he is a liar, therefore the Cretans are not liars, therefore Epimenides tells the truth, therefore they are liars;” and so forth, *ad infinitum*. We have been therefore agreeably disappointed in Mr. Taylor’s book. Judging from his *Natural History of Enthusiasm*, his other earlier works, and from his anti-Tractarian *Ancient Christianity*, we had expected a composition as violent as it was clever, and as bitterly hostile to every thing that bore the name of Jesuit as it was ingenious and coarsely original. Notwithstanding very grave faults, both critical and religious, *Loyola and Jesuitism* is yet an interesting essay, as an example of the light in which the great founder of the Society of Jesus, and the Society itself, appear to acute men of the world without, whose knowledge of Christianity is not very profound or spiritual, and who bring to the investigation of the subject some little degree of sound sense and philosophic fairness. The study of such books will often be of material benefit to the thoughtful Catholic, and almost necessary to those whose duty or inclination calls them to cope with the intellectual unbelief of their contemporaries.

Mr. Taylor, it should be premised, is not a votary of the Oxford school. He has not the faintest sympathy with those speculative individuals who dabble in Romanism, like little children on the sea shore, without courage to plunge like men into the vast ocean before them, and trust themselves to its depths. He is thoroughly and ineradicably a Protestant, of the Lutherophilosophical cast, combining with a general regard for the truth and inspiration

of Scripture, a boldness of speculation and an audacity of candour which must often sorely have puzzled his less enlightened “evangelical” admirers. His great aim is to be shrewd, manly, and sensible. He looks upon the Christian’s state of mind as eminently subject to all kinds of diseases,—ascetical, enthusiastic, fanatical, and mystical,—which, while they do not necessarily destroy the essence of the Christianity of the diseased individual, are yet in most cases not merely morbid or violent excesses, but positive excrescences growing upon the Christian character, and to be cut off by the surgeon’s knife. Bodily mortifications, voluntary poverty, ecstatic raptures, unquestioning obedience,—all these things are in his judgment violations of the simplicity and manliness of the Gospel, unworthy of a person of discrimination and sound Scriptural knowledge, though not necessarily indicative of utter doctrinal delusion, or inconsistent with a pure and devoted love of God.

The work is divided into two parts. The first sketches the biography of St. Ignatius, and the first formation of the Society of Jesus; the second examines what the author calls the canonical writings of the Society, and Pascal’s *Provincial Letters*, with a view—a very fair one—of searching into the nature of Jesuitism in its very heart. Our remarks on this second part we must postpone to our next Number, want of space precluding us from saying all that may be necessary in exposure of the fallacious principles on which Mr. Taylor has conducted his inquiry.

Mr. Taylor’s preface,—or rather its concluding sentence,—did not, we confess, possess us in favour of his competency to the labour he had undertaken. It ends with a profession so pre-eminently silly, that we were prepared for something little better than an Exeter Hall tirade. What could induce a man of sense like Mr. Taylor to pass himself off as qualified to attempt the task before him, by informing us that he possessed “a thorough freedom of mind” in relation to “forms of Christianity” which are not of divine origin? Who does not make the same boast? Did our author ever hear of a human being so idiotic as to think that the “form of Christianity” which he himself believed was of human origin? Why does he thus stand forth, and trumpet himself as neither liar nor scoundrel, with a mixture of blundering and braggadocio which makes us smile at his simplicity, while we are disgusted with his conceit?

That the great Ignatius is, on the whole, an enigma to Mr. Taylor, is but too evident from every page in his book. This, however, does not result from any deep-seated bigotry or gross uncharitableness, but from his inability to master the elementary features of the exalted Christian character in its most spiritual developments. Extensive as is his information, and correct as are his ideas, in compari-

son with those of the vulgar anti-Romish controversialist, he is yet enthralled in the meshes of that half-carnal religion which is the characteristic of almost all the very best of Protestants. Being acquainted only with that species of devotion which he finds among his Protestant friends and companions, and having no personal familiarity with any feelings which aspire not only to *resist* the world and the flesh, but to *conquer* them, the mind of Loyola is in his eyes a heterogeneous compound of what is great and what is trivial, of the earthly and the spiritual, of the single-eyed and the crafty, united together by a sort of welding process, which he almost confesses not to comprehend, but which in fact, so far from producing the real Ignatius, such as Mr. Taylor admits him to have been, would have issued in a wretched, impotent mediocrity of mind and action. Such a being as Mr. Taylor's Loyola never existed. St. Ignatius was either far better or far worse than he is here drawn. If his mind had been actually subjected to processes of a tendency such as Mr. Taylor attributes to the devotional and ascetic system of Rome, the Ignatius of history would have been an impossibility. Mr. Taylor never saw such a result in his own experience. No one of his friends ever saw such a result. If we are to judge by analogy from cases in which similar influences are brought to bear upon human nature, such a result never was known. We might as reasonably think to construct a steam-engine with materials consisting partly of iron, partly of wood, and partly of rags and paper, as to fashion the extraordinary, self-devoted, and never-failing energies of St. Ignatius with the hodge-podge of motives and discipline by which we are here told that they were formed and supported. People who know nothing whatsoever of his character, his acts, and his writings, and who have imbibed as a first axiom in historical philosophy the idea that all Jesuits are scoundrels, are at least consistent with themselves in regarding the founder of Jesuitism as a monster of unmitigated iniquity. They may be densely ignorant, as they are, like a child who believes the earth to be flat or square; but at least they do not believe that the earth is at the same time both square and round. If Mr. Taylor's view of St. Ignatius be correct, then is there no such thing as any uniform operation in the laws by which human nature is moulded and governed; and metaphysics, moral philosophy, experience, history, and the precepts of Christianity itself, may be cast aside as utterly worthless and untrustworthy guides to a man who would aim at real greatness or piety. The only way to be good will be to institute a new set of moral experiments for oneself, to try all round every possible mode of spiritual, intellectual, and physical action, in the belief that the experience of all the past ages of

men is calculated only to mislead and corrupt us.

*Loyola and Jesuitism* thus abounds with passages in which we know not whether most to praise the honesty of the writer who admits so much, or to blame his inconsistency in not admitting more. The following is in instance:—

"As to Luther, his personal character is all of a piece, whether we take up his private history, or his public conduct as leader of the great movement of his times. The regenerator of northern Europe is one man, whether he be seen confronting princes and diets, or recreating his spirit at home. It is otherwise with Loyola, who, although not to be accused of acting a part, either as a 'saint' or as a chief, nevertheless, when he shifts himself from the one character to the other, seems almost to have laid aside his identity. What are the facts, summarily stated?—A Spanish gentleman, of bold bearing, and who courts every chivalrous distinction, and breathes at once a nice honour and a gallantry less nice, is grievously wounded and thrown upon his bed, where he endures weeks of anguish, and months of languor. Spoiled for war and pleasure by the hurt he has received, and fired, in a moment, by a new ambition, he breaks from his home, and sets forward as a Christian fakir, to amaze the world by feats of wild humility. He undergoes mental paroxysms, he sees visions, and exists thenceforward in a condition of intense emotion, resembling, in turns, the ecstacies of the upper, and the agonies of the nether world. He dedicates himself, body and soul, to the service of the blessed Virgin—the queen of angels:—he sets out on a preaching pilgrimage to convert the Mahometan world, and he contemns all prudence and common sense in applying himself to an enterprise so immensely disproportioned to his abilities. In the course of a year or two he has merited canonisation—if frenzied pietism can ever merit it.

"But now this same devotee—this unmanageable enthusiast as he seems, and whose cheeks are furrowed with perpetual streams of penitence and rapture—suddenly conceives and quickly digests (at a very early period after his conversion), and puts forward, and brings into operation, a scheme of life and a polity of which nothing more need be said than that it has proved itself to be the most firmly compacted, and the most efficient, of any which the world has seen. A scheme so bold, as to the means of which it avails itself, and so refined in its modes of dealing with human nature, and so elaborate in its frame-work, and so far-reaching in its views and purposes, could not have sprung from any but a mind of extraordinary compass;—a mind self-possessed and tranquil, delicate in its perceptions, sure in its intuitions, and capable of a wide comprehension of various objects. The framer of this spiritual polity, if he was not moved by, must have mastered, a boundless ambition, and must have known how to beseem himself as a lamb, while planning nothing less than the subjugation of the world. The personal history of Don Inigo Lopez de Recalde is in itself perfectly intelligible, and it has many counterparts: and so, although it has scarcely a counterpart, is the history of the Founder of Jesuitism, *if considered by itself*; but how shall we weld the two together, as the history of one person—the Ignatius Loyola?

"In order to remove, or in some degree to lessen, the difficulty that here presents itself, two suppositions have been advanced;—the one is this:—That Loyola's contemporary biographers have materially falsified the portrait of their master, attributing to him those virtues and that phase of piety which they thought becoming to him when he was to be held forth as the founder of a religious order; at the same time throwing into the shade those true and prominent features of his intellectual character, which, if they had been brought into notice, might have bred suspicion as to his heavenly-

mindedness, and the simplicity of his intentions. The other of these explanatory suppositions is this:—That Loyola, being truly represented by his biographers, and having been indeed an ecstatic devotee, was, in fact, thrust forward in front of the Jesuit Institute by its real authors, as a means of covering their actual intentions with a disguise of impassioned and seraphic piety. Either of these suppositions might seem probable; but neither of them will bear a strict examination; for, in the first place, a comparison of the two or three contemporaneous memoirs of Loyola's personal history, while they exhibit indications of their having been derived from independent sources, present too many marks of genuineness and of verisimilitude to allow of their being rejected as fabrications. The exaggerations that attach to them may easily be set off; and as to that intermixture of the supernatural which they contain, those who are familiar with the legends of the 'canonised,' will have learned how to disengage a true story from this sort of decoration. The 'Life of St. Ignatius' we must, then, receive as substantially true, although it may be circumstantially spurious.

" As to the second supposition, even if it might be partially admitted as probable, it cannot so be entertained as would serve to remove the difficulty in question. It is certain that two veins of thought are discernible in the original documents of the Jesuit Institute, the one exhibiting far more of astute ingenuity than does the other; and hence it may be inferred, that, while the simpler elements are attributable to the real Loyola, the authorship of the less simple should be assigned to his colleagues. It is in fact known that one or two of those who constituted the 'Society,' in its infant period, were men superior to himself in acquirements, and of a keener intellectual type. Easily, therefore, may it be supposed that these more skilful hands took part in laying the foundations and in rearing the superstructure of the Jesuit polity. But the supposition that Loyola was the mere screen of the machinations of his colleagues, and that he was innocent of all but a cognisance of what they were doing, cannot be admitted, inasmuch as those portions of the canonical writings of the Society which, on the best grounds, are attributed to his own hand, exhibit so much refinement, and so much skill, and so much of mathematical steadiness in pursuing a desired conclusion, and so thorough an intuition of human nature, that they might be held to vouch for his competency to have been the author of the whole.

" The fact, then, little relieved of difficulty, presents itself—that the ever-weeping, the ecstatic, the vision-seeing 'St. Ignatius' was indeed the originator of the Society of Jesus, and therefore could have been no enthusiast, no dreamer, no fanatic; but one who might have been matched with Macchiavelli in subtle command of the springs of human action—with Richelieu in the practice and art of governing mankind—with Hobbes in daring paradoxical consistency—with Machiavelli in that fascination which links together stronger minds for the achievement of an arduous enterprise—with Hildebrand in boundless and well-digested purpose; and, in a word, with any among the few whose single energies have turned the current of human affairs into a new channel."

To work out, in a rapid biographical sketch, this idea and its interpretation, is Mr. Taylor's object in the earlier half of his work. He starts with an entire disbelief in the reality of any supernatural interferences in the present course of the world in modern times; with a conviction that the angelic virtues of the monastic, ascetic, or Jesuit life are *factitious*; that is, that they are not inconsistent with the *existence* of genuine Christian feeling and action, but that they are simply unreal, fantastic, the results of fancy and metaphysical error,

fastening themselves upon the actual Christian character, as the mistletoe upon the oak, and so far injurious to its vitality and growth, as they draw up into themselves the healthful energies of the intellect and the heart. He also entirely mistakes what is meant by *obedience*, as practised in the Church generally, and especially in religious orders, and most emphatically of all by the Society of Jesus. He knows it only by the description of Protestants, or by what he has read of it in Catholic books. He never saw it in action. He never inquired of any intelligent Catholic for an account of what is really understood by it in the Catholic system as a living power and institution. So, too, he is in error as to the idea with which a Catholic *believes* on the authority of the Church, and as to the relationship which Jesuitism has ever held, and necessarily holds, towards the Pope and the Catholic Church in general. These, and other mistakes, we shall touch upon as we notice some of the more prominently erroneous passages in the essay.

Let us first note Mr. Taylor's description of the personal appearance of Loyola.

" Inigo, high-born, slenderly educated, or, as it seems, wholly untaught in letters, yet accomplished in all graceful and chivalrous arts, wanted no advantage that might secure to him, in ample measure, the smiles and favours which are to be won and enjoyed in courts, palaces, pavilions, and camps. He is described by his contemporaries as of middle stature, with an aspect full of grace and dignity; a complexion between the fair and swarthy; an ample and prominent forehead; an eye sparkling, and full of life; the nose somewhat long and curved. He limped slightly, but not awkwardly, in consequence of the injury his leg had sustained in the hands of the surgeons. It is affirmed that he would never grant permission to painters or sculptors to exercise their art upon him; and that the extant portraits and medallions were all derived from a cast taken after death. If authenticity could be attributed to a medallion, the execution of which might seem to vouch for its genuineness, and which accords well with the description given of their friend and master by his followers, we may assume him to have been handsome, after the Spanish type, and decisively of military mould and aspect. The air is that of the ecclesiastic, induced upon a form and temperament which was thoroughly that of a soldier. The contour, symmetrical and rotund, is expressive of a hopeful, enterprising, and chivalrous, rather than of a reflective turn. One would say that the outward life is more to this man than the inward life. The *intense* attitude is that of one whose own emotions and impressions rule his animal system, leaving him little under the control of persons or things around him. He is self-prompted, self-possessed, sure, determined, unhesitating, firm; but not remorseless or inexorable. He is fertile in resources; nor ever desponds because he has no means of help left him. He is nice in his perceptions, has a keen relish of enjoyment; and—must it not be said? is of a pleasure-loving constitution? One would not think him the ascetic, or the self-tormentor. He is well fleshed, and sanguineous, and is accustomed—so one might surmise—to adjust all differences between flesh and spirit in a reasonable manner. If imaginative, it is only within the narrowest limits: his imagination lights up at a spark, but as it has little oil of its own, it does not burn with any rich, copious, or continuous splendour. Yet assuredly there is nothing malignant in this physiognomy: it indicates no acerbity, no sullen pride, no retention of anger.

This man is too happy in himself to harbour a resentment. Thus far, then, the medallion consists with the history of 'Saint Ignatius'; but it must be confessed, that if any score of portraits, unnamed, were spread on the table, and it were demanded that the founder of the order of Jesuits should be singled out from among them, several probably of that number would be selected sooner than this. If, indeed, *this* be the image of the author of that Institute, how shrouded was that intelligence;—how many fathoms deep was that mind seated, which conceived a scheme for ruling the world, and which went far toward actually ruling it!"

Mr. Taylor's second chapter relates the early history of Loyola's life, both before and after he left the army, until the time when he wrote the "Spiritual Exercises." It is a strange medley of the candid and the sneering, of the honest truthfulness of the Christian with the unbelieving spirit of sarcasm of the man of the world. We have not much to remark in it, except one of those excessively shallow statements which astonish us in the writings of an author of so much ability and straightforwardness. In a contrast between the works of Loyola and Luther, we read:

"Certain it is, then, that at the same moment, two men, whose influence has been co-extensive and permanent, present themselves on the stage of European affairs, and each of them formally or virtually professes to be 'sent of God' for the restoration or the maintenance of the most momentous truths. There is, however, a circumstance attaching to the ministry of each which cannot be regarded as of no significance, bearing, as it does, upon their several pretensions. It is this, that while one of these professed 'servants of Christ' declares his willingness to stand or fall by Christ's own word, the other makes no such appeal to the authority of Scripture; but, instead of doing so, sets forward on his course as the champion of Mary, placing himself under her guardianship, and looking to her for grace and help. Presenting themselves, therefore, under these conditions, undoubtedly Luther must be condemned if the rule to which he himself appeals condemn him; but Loyola's divine legation falls if Mary be not in truth the arbitress of human destinies, and the source of grace to the world."

Thus it is that a sort of infatuation of ignorance and blundering seems to possess the shrewdest intellects, when they undertake to describe the doctrines and principles of Catholicism. Here we have the Catholic and the Protestant theories said to be contrasted, in that the latter declares its willingness to stand or fall by Christ's own word, while the former makes no such appeal to the authority of Scripture; as if it were a characteristic of the Catholic that *he did not* declare himself willing to stand or fall by the word of Christ! Are these the words of an accomplished scholar and a man who is capable of understanding the meaning of a proposition, or of a boy in the nursery, or an old woman in her second childhood? Does not Mr. Taylor really see that the contrast between the two parties lies solely in their difference as to *what is* the word of Christ? Are we to assume that the foolish paragraph we noted in his preface is really an indication of his notions as to what the Catholic Church professes to hold? Is he serious in assuring us that Loyola set forth as

"the champion of Mary," in the same sense as Luther professed himself "the champion of the word of God?" If two persons discuss the genuineness of a certain text in the Bible, one of them maintaining that it is an interpolation, and the other that it is a part of the original revelation, are we to be told that the former is fighting under the banner of God's Word, against an adversary who would force us to substitute traditional folly for the sacred Scriptures? How strikingly does this shew us the utter unreality and hollowness of all these Protestant views, even when pretending to be most Catholic and philosophical! Here we have a writer repeatedly speaking of Loyola as undoubtedly *a Christian*, though in partial error, as a man whom it would be monstrous to suppose the child of hell, and yet describing Loyola's elementary principles of belief and action as damnable and horrible in the last degree. If there is any sense in thus contrasting St. Ignatius, as Mary's champion, with Luther, as the champion of God, it must mean that Mary was to Loyola, not only an object of misplaced veneration, but really his *God*. If such were his feelings and faith towards her, then, indeed, words are not strong enough to do justice to his guilt, as words cannot describe the punishment he must endure for ever.

Again, with a similar misconception of Catholic doctrine, Mr. Taylor tells us that Loyola regarded Mary as the "source of grace to the world." May we ask where Mr. Taylor found his authority for any such statement, in the sense in which he intends it to be understood? He is clearly little more aware of the meaning of Catholic expressions than a fifth-rate Baptist minister, or the red-hot Protestant champions of the House of Commons. He ought to have known that we regard Mary as the *channel* of grace, not the *source* of grace. Jesus Christ alone is the source of grace, both to us, and to his own blessed Mother; He made her what she was, and she adores Him eternally as her Creator and Redeemer. She is, in a pre-eminent degree, indeed, a *channel* of grace to the world, as every pious soul, whether in heaven or on earth, that prays for others, is a channel of grace. Her intercession is of so exalted and pure a character, and her relationship is so essentially a maternal relationship to her Son, that (as is generally believed by Catholics) there is no grace given to man, in the obtaining of which her prayers have not had some share. But St. Ignatius no more regarded her as the source of grace in any other sense than this, than he looked upon himself as the meritorious author of the salvation of mankind. How miserable it is to be obliged thus to refute follies, from which the slightest exertion of common sense, or an inquiry at the hand of any Catholic apple-woman, would have saved its propagator!

Early in the next chapter we meet with a

sentiment, which occurs repeatedly afterwards, and is one of the most painful proofs of Mr. Taylor's superficial insight into the narratives and principles which are recorded in Holy Scripture.

" It was in the spring of the year 1523 that Loyola, to the unspeakable grief of all, left Manresa, on his way to Barcelona, intending there to take ship for Italy. In a saint-story of the vulgar stamp we take no notice of the folly (or worse) of the man who, after flinging away from him a well-furnished purse, and which was his own absolutely, goes a-begging for what, the next hour, he finds he cannot dispense with—a morsel of bread! This species of absurdity runs through such memoirs of sanctity. But how are we to deal with the same folly when it meets us in the life of a man like Loyola? Absurdity does not characterise his writings;—is it, then, chargeable entire upon the writers of his life? We might think so as to some of these instances, but not as to all."

Again :

" How worthy of notice in the history of such a man is this curious process of alms-giving blended with mendicancy! One mile on this side a village, perhaps, Ignatius finds a tattered wretch, who can scarcely believe his eyes in receiving from one habited like himself, and emaciate with want, a gold coin! The donor rejects the overflowing gratitude of his poor brother, then limps on—exhausted; enters the village, and there, and while other gold pieces are still weighing heavy in his purse, he humbly craves a morsel of bread from door to door! Whether Ignatius Loyola actually perpetrated any such folly cannot be certainly known, nor should it be supposed, did not the most authentic of his biographers seem to imply it as a fact; but even if it be so, no judicious writer would now make a boast of instances of infatuation such as these."

Further on, in a like spirit, we are told :

" If the facts were indeed just what they seem to be as related by the Jesuit writers, how miserable a farce was it for a man when within a half hour's walk of his paternal castle, which he is implored to enter and to call his own—for a man, who at the very moment is followed by admiring crowds, and has been met by a procession of dignitaries and magistrates—for a man just in this position of honour and of superfluity, to go hobbling through a village, begging a morsel of bread at each cottage door! What can we say to instances of gigantic nonsense such as this; or to whom is it to be attributed? not, we are fain to believe, not to Ignatius Loyola. We must not think it possible that the factitious religious system which had given him his training, could so far have debauched the reason of a man like the founder of the order of Jesuits, as that he should make himself the hero of a performance combining so much of folly, of jugglery, and of something akin to plunder.

" Mounted on a serviceable pony, which had been purchased for him by his friends, Loyola had set forward on his journey toward the Pyrenean boundary. As he crossed the range, and began to descend toward the valleys of Guipuscoa, he breathed health again. He turned, however, from the high road which led directly toward the castle and domains of his brother, and took himself to a less frequented mountain path. But on this road—his coming having been noised about—he was met by messengers, sent forward by his brother, to conduct him to the family home. This invitation he sternly declined; and instead, sought shelter in an hospital near at hand, whence, we are assured, he issued daily to beg alms in the town. It is affirmed that he held to this course for three months, occupying a pauper's berth at the hospital of St. Magdalen, distributing among its inmates the sumptuous fare sent him daily from the castle, and sustaining himself wholly by the contributions of the 'charitable'—that is to say, of

his brother's poor tenants and dependants, who, not ignorant of this mendicant's quality and position, duly played their part—crust in hand—in this burlesque of 'holy poverty.'"

This is the language of an individual whose boast it is that he reverences the Bible as the word of God. Has Mr. Taylor never read these words? " Do not possess gold, nor silver, nor money in your purses, nor scrip for your journey, nor two coats, nor shoes, nor a staff." Nor the following? " When I sent you without purse, and scrip, and shoes, did you want any thing? And they said, Nothing." (Matt. x. 9, 10; Luke xxii. 35, 36.) Why, then, was that which was not merely lawful, but obligatory, in the case of the Apostles, absurd and preposterous in Ignatius Loyola? Which are we to trust, in our efforts to stem the torrent of corruption among men, the maxims of political economy, or the maxims of Jesus Christ? We do not, of course, pretend that in every case it is a man's duty to follow *literally* in the steps of the Apostles. This would be a ridiculous formalism, and a slavery to the letter, rather than an obedience to the spirit. The Apostles themselves adopted different courses at different times; now acting upon the common rules of worldly prudence, now treating them with undisguised contempt; now conciliating their enemies, now defying them to their face; now working miracles, now laying plans and carrying out methods as if there were no such thing as supernatural interference recognised in the faith they preached. And as they acted, so do we their children in Jesus Christ. We are not slaves, or formalists, or pedantic devotees to rigid rules. But we maintain that whatever was at any time lawful and wise in an Apostle, may be lawful and wise again, in similar circumstances, in every age of the Church. If there was no folly in our blessed Lord's injunction to the missionaries He sent to preach among the Jews, then is there not necessarily any folly in the conduct of a modern missionary, who, in faith upon the promise of his Divine Master, commences his work by giving away all he has to the poor, and trusts for future supplies to the piety and charity of the faithful.

And if ever there was a parallel case to that of the mission of the first preachers of the Gospel, it was to be found in the case of St. Ignatius Loyola and his companions; and whether they were in error or not as to all the details of doctrine which they preached, Mr. Taylor himself must admit that the two cases are precisely similar. In an age of general corruption and backsliding, when worldly riches and honours were eating into the very life of the Christian Church; when the successors of the Apostles were too often men of luxuriousness and polished ease and splendour; when even in St. Peter's chair the world had lately seen the frightful spectacle of debauchery, and almost every other hateful crime;

then, indeed, was it the time for some new apostles to go forth, trampling under foot the calculating spirit of worldly prudence, strong in faith alone, distinguished above all others by the simplicity and poverty of their lives, that thus mankind might once more be brought to do homage to the claims of Christianity, as a mighty power from God, resting upon his favour and grace alone, and eternally independent alike of the wisdom, the riches, and the power of man. Loyola looked upon himself as called by God—and we believe, what Mr. Taylor scarcely denies, that he really *was* so called—to arouse his contemporaries to a sense of the overwhelming greatness of religion, and of the vanity of all earthly goods. In an age when a new heresy was laying waste the fairest territories of Christendom, he saw, with keen eye, that sin and lukewarmness were the fruitful source of unbelief; and that the Church herself, by her laxity, had prepared her way for the schism that was rending and tearing her almost to the heart. Therefore he did not undertake only to reclaim the lapsed from their heresy, as if speculative difficulties or intellectual perversion were alone the mischiefs of the day; he took the whole as one gigantic evil, as one state of corruption, in which the spirit of earthliness was bound up with the spirit of heresy, and in which no benefit could result to men, unless the practical truths of religion were forced upon their consciences with a resistless strength. And thus he proceeded upon his mission, awaking men to a sense of their immortality, of their sins, of death, of judgment, of heaven and hell. And as a token of his own unbounded confidence in the power of Him whose messenger he was, and on whose aid he depended, he cast away from him, again and again, all those supports from earthly helps which in ordinary cases are both desirable and necessary: he would be strong in God, and in God alone.

And did he fail in this enterprise, because he thus disregarded the precepts of calculating prudence? Was any discomfiture in the struggle on which he entered, a sign that he was tempting God's Providence, and disregarding the rules which our Lord has laid down for our guidance? In all worldly speculation and business, we know that such an enterprise as Ignatius undertook, when supported by such means as he relied on, must have been stamped with all the marks of unsuccessful folly, and come to a shameful end. But let us ask whether the result proved him to have miscalculated the powers on which he depended. Did this defiance of common prudence meet the usual doom of rashness and error; or was his triumph as signal as his enterprise was difficult? Mr. Taylor himself furnishes the reply to his own sarcastic, anti-Scriptural maxims, and shews his readers that if ever any man literally depended upon a promise made by Jesus Christ, and found that promise fulfilled

to the very letter, Ignatius Loyola is to be numbered among the foremost ranks of the believing and successful.

It is, indeed, most curious to mark how singularly every contradictory charge is brought against the founder of the Society of Jesus. At one moment he is an idiot, or a half-crazy fanatic; at another, perhaps the most accomplished master of the science of statesmanship that the world ever saw. At one moment he is so absurd, as to disregard the plainest precepts of human prudence; at another, he is the most crafty designer whom Satan ever inspired with his own diabolical wisdom. Now he is a weeping, drivelling devotee, a worshipper of dolls and ecclesiastical trumpery; now he displays an acuteness in practical religion, and a shrewdness in dealing with his own conscience and the consciences of others, which prove him to have possessed faculties of the rarest order. Now he is nothing but a severe ascetic, given to fasting, scourgings, and vigils; and now he surveys the whole system of the religious life from an eminence of the loftiest wisdom, and arranges every detail of his order with a mingled independence of judgment and far-seeing spirituality of idea, which result in a complete accomplishment of the purposes at which he aims. The man who is to-day laughed at for beggaring himself of his last sixpence, is discovered to-morrow to have that power of ruling men's hearts and minds, which other people seek in vain through the influence of riches and splendour. And why is this, but because the same hand which sustained Peter, and Paul, and John, in ancient days, was with Ignatius in later times? To him, in the strictest sense, was applicable the question which his Master put to the first preachers of his word: "When I sent you without purse, and scrip, and shoes, did you want any thing? And they said, Nothing."

We next quote Mr. Taylor's narrative of one of those incidents in Loyola's career, which is highly significative of the kind of spirit with which his labours were regarded by too many of the ecclesiastical authorities of the time. Mr. Taylor, not being an Anglican High Churchman, is not scandalised at the sight of *laymen* preaching in the streets, and assuming a portion of the apostolic functions, simply on the call of God, manifested in their own consciences. The conduct of Loyola in thus setting himself up as a reformer, in forming a sort of congregation of his associates, and going about the country to arouse a licentious age to a sense of the judgments and goodness of God, is, indeed, one of those strange puzzles to English Churchmen, of which they never can attain the solution so long as they criticise the Church Catholic from without. They, in whose ideas the elementary *sacerdotal* idea of the Christian priesthood has no place, who look upon public preaching and teaching as that office which distinguishes the clergyman from the layman,

are naturally confounded when they hear of such proceedings as the following, on the part of a great canonised saint of that Church of Rome who is so unbendingly rigid in the enforcement of much which they hold so laxly, and who, in the eyes of the world, has set up her clergy as a sort of demi-gods between the laity and their Saviour. After relating a certain troublesome affair which Ignatius had with some lady-penitents, to whom he had been most unwillingly administering spiritual advice, and whose imprudent conduct had got him into prison, Mr. Taylor proceeds :

" Six weeks had elapsed since his commitment to prison, when the ladies-errant returned to their home, and, as their testimony accorded with Loyola's affirmations, he was set at liberty ; yet subject to a condition with which he could not comply—namely, that he should abstain from all endeavours to instruct others, until he should himself have become qualified to do so with good effect, by completing his four years of study. How could he consent to postpone so long all endeavours to reclaim souls, and on the sole ground of his unfinished education ? He left the prison in perplexity, resolving to depart from Alcala, and to submit himself to the advice (or at least to *ask* the advice) of some dignitary more indulgent than the vicar-general Figueroa. ' We should not,' said this ecclesiastic, ' have made so much of what you do, if your discourses with the people had savoured rather less of novelty.' ' Novelty ! ' exclaimed Ignatius, gravely ; ' I did not understand that for Christians to speak one to another concerning Jesus Christ was a new thing.'

" Don Alphonso de Fonseca, Archbishop of Toledo, received Loyola courteously, and finding that he wished to proceed to Salamanca, favoured this intention, gave him introductions, and replenished his purse with four gold pieces. He therefore set forward, with his companions, on his way thither. Yet neither at this place did repose await him. The same course of conduct—the same boldness and assiduity in addressing persons of every rank, and exhorting them to repentance and piety, drew upon him again the eyes of the profane and the envious, and rendered him the object of curiosity throughout the city. A strange sight indeed it was to see a band of laymen, in the garb of poor students of Alcala—for thus they had been compelled to attire themselves by their friends there—discharging openly and boldly a sort of apostolic and pastoral function, and drawing even priests within their influence ! Admired, followed, suspected, inveighed against, this band of itinerants became the subject of secret and anxious consultations within ecclesiastical precincts. The Dominicans especially, who had a noted establishment at Salamanca—the monastery of St. Stephen—thought themselves called upon, although without any authority, to search this novelty to its rudiments. Ignatius, unapprised of this intention, had, in all simplicity, chosen a confessor from this very house. This circumstance having been made known to the principals, Ignatius was perfidiously invited to dine at the convent the next Sunday, with his friend Calistus. Advertised that he was likely to undergo a rigorous examination, he nevertheless fearlessly kept the appointment, and went, he and his companion. Dinner ended, the vicar—in the absence of the prior—courteously leads both his guests, with the confessor and another brother, to a cell, apart. Each takes his seat, and a colloquy passes within the walls of this cell which is curiously analogous to those that, so often since, have had place in Protestant countries, when lay street-preachers have been called before 'the bench.' If in this instance we may rely upon our reporters, the substance of the interrogations, and of the answers, was as follows :

" The vicar, looking at Ignatius with a bland smile, expressed the pleasure he felt in thinking of the course

of those who, after the manner of the Apostles, went about among the people, inciting them to the worship of God and the practice of piety ; nevertheless, he earnestly wished to know with what preparation of learning they had attempted so serious a task. Ignatius ingenuously acknowledged the simple fact—that he and his companions were very slenderly furnished in this way. ' How is it, then,' said the vicar, ' that you, destitute as you are of learning, should go about, holding discourse with the people upon things divine ? ' ' Nay,' replied Ignatius, ' we do not *preach* ; but only as occasion offers, and on the ground of equality with those who are willing to listen to us, and in colloquial style, we speak of the beauty of virtue, and of the deformity of vice, and exhort men to hate the one and to love the other.' ' But apart from a due amount of human learning, which must be either acquired in the ordinary mode from tutors and from books, or must be divinely conveyed to the mind by the Holy Spirit—apart from this preparation, no man can properly handle subjects of this sort ; and yet you, as you openly acknowledge, have not given yourselves, with any sufficient assiduity, either to books or to teachers ; it follows, then, necessarily, that this species of learning must have been immediately conveyed to you by the Holy Spirit. Give us, therefore, if you please, some information on this point.' Ignatius, perceiving the intention of the vicar to hold him to a dilemma, hesitated a while ; but the vicar persisting in pressing for a reply to a question so plain, he at length openly said that he had nothing further to state, unless it were to those who might be duly authorised so to interrogate him. ' Oh ! is it come to that ? ' exclaimed the vicar ; ' is it so that, at a time when new sects of impostors are every day making their appearance, and are leading multitudes astray, and when the errors of Erasmus and others are spreading on every side, that you, when questioned concerning your doctrine, equivocate and evade a direct reply ? But I will see to it that you shall give us an answer.' Three days they were detained within the walls of the monastery, yet not unkindly treated by the brethren, with whom they held free intercourse, and among whom a division took place in their favour. On the fourth day they were visited by the notary, who led them away, and lodged them, not in a dungeon, under ground, but in a sort of out-house, where they fared even worse : it was a decayed structure, with heaps of rubbish, the smells from which were pestilential. The two friends were fastened, leg by leg, with an iron chain—nor was it possible for them to take rest. They spent the night in singing psalms.

" But the imprisonment of Ignatius and his companion quickly became noised through the city, and the next day not a few of the most considerable persons of Salamanca visited them, bringing for their relief coverlets, mattresses, and provisions. The severity of their treatment, too, was somewhat relaxed ; and as at Alcala, so now at Salamanca, Ignatius was resorted to by multitudes, to whom, with wonderful calmness, he discoursed on such topics as the contempt of things earthly, the last judgment, and the eternal rewards and punishments that were to follow. ' Is not this imprisonment grievous to you ? ' said a compassionate visitant—Francis Mendoza, ' and these chains, too ? ' ' There are not in Salamanca,' replied Ignatius, ' stocks or handcuffs so many, as that I would not gladly endure them all, and more, for Christ's sake.'

" At length he and his companion underwent strict, varied, and separate examinations by the ecclesiastical authorities of Salamanca. One of them had heard of the Book of Spiritual Exercises, and asked that it should be produced : it was at once surrendered, and the names of his other associates, and the places of their abode, were given in. These were arrested, and confined separately. The book was submitted to the examination of three doctors in theology. At this point of time an incident occurred (so say our authorities, but not the most trustworthy of them) which tended greatly to set the characters of Loyola and his comrades in an advan-

tageous light. By some strange negligence of the keepers, all the prisoners save these, breaking from their confinements, effected their escape. He and his friend—although they were free to depart with the others—were found in their cells the following morning, scorning to elude the authorities. Much admiration, and a more lenient treatment, were the consequence of this event. In the end, the result of often-repeated interrogations, and of a careful perusal of the Exercises, was a feeling of amazement on the part of the examiners, and which was increased vastly when, certain questions among the most abstruse and perplexing in theology being propounded to Ignatius, he answered each with admirable address; and moreover solved a knotty point in the canon law precisely in accordance with the decision of the doctors, of which he had known nothing.

"At length, and after more than three weeks' imprisonment, Ignatius and his friends are brought into court to hear their sentence. This was, that they were declared innocent of heretical gravity, and that they should be left at liberty to instruct the common people, as before; but, nevertheless, that they should not presume, until after four years' attendance upon the theological class, to advance any opinion upon that most difficult of all questions which serves to distinguish between mortal and venial offences—questions to which an approach seemed to be made in a certain part of the Spiritual Exercises. This sentence, in the opinion of the judges, was nothing less than an honourable acquittal. Ignatius, however, sustained as he was by his firm consciousness of being altogether in the right, vehemently resented the restraint thus laid upon him, and complained that, after by these doctors and rulers he had been pronounced free, in speech and writing, from all taint and suspicion of false doctrine, silence should nevertheless be enjoined him upon a point so prominent and so essential; and that thus his labours, for the conversion and instruction of men, should in a manner be prohibited."

As we have been quoting one of Mr. Taylor's most agreeable passages, we may, before proceeding further with our strictures, extract another brief paragraph or two, to shew how, at times, he breaks out into a species of unwilling eulogy upon the virtues and merits of the Saint who is the hero of his tale. Such is the following:

"Loyola had, as we have said, given evidence of the strength of his will in carrying forward, through a period of six years, the plan he had formed for his personal improvement; and the necessities he had submitted to during these years of study, severe as they were, had probably tried his constancy not nearly so much as did the repugnance of his own mind to occupations that were purely intellectual. A conquest of the animal nature is what many have been equal to; but to contravene the mental bias, and to control the tastes, is a victory which very few ever achieve. In this instance it appeared that the man who was born to govern others established his title to do so by first shewing that he could absolutely govern himself, and that he could do so on ground the most difficult. This faculty of governing others, and this fascination, which gave him the ascendancy over minds much superior in intelligence and in accomplishments to his own, undoubtedly belonged to him in an eminent degree. It is certain that he knew how to draw around himself persons of rank and education, as well as the vulgar. There was a charm in his personal appearance and demeanour; there was an animation and a fire, subdued by humility and suavity; and, more than all, there was an undeviating intensity of movement, directed towards a high-raised object, which drew all sensitive minds into his wake. Perhaps the secret of that influence which is acquired here and there by a gifted mind over multitudes, results chiefly from the very power of a steady and rapid movement to impart movement to others. In the company

of persons of rank (we are told) Loyola had an insinuating manner, which won and which secured to him their favour and friendship. His equals he led forward in his own track by a graceful facility and an avoidance of all assumption of superiority; while the ignorant and the needy he commanded by a native air of authority, by his unwearied labours for their good, by his patience towards them in their perversities, and by a species of benevolent dissimulation, of which he was master, and which he could practise whenever necessary. How far this skill in the management of human nature approached the limits of guilefulness, or how far it outstepped the boundaries which a high integrity and a Christian simplicity must observe, cannot be known."

And such, also, his sketch of the habits of three of the Fathers at Venice:

"Loyola, Lainez, and Faber, quitting Venice, betook themselves to the neighbouring town, Vicenza. In a neglected and miserable suburb of this place they found a deserted building—open to the blasts of heaven—open to any rude intruder; for it had neither door nor window! This was the place of their conclave, and their only home: in the most sheltered corner of it they slept upon a bundle of straw or stubble, collected by themselves. But here the hubbub of the town was not heard; and here—or at least during the hours of darkness—the solace of prayer and meditation might be enjoyed without disturbance; and here, at midnight, none making them afraid, the soul-kindling psalm might be recited, and the hymn, lifting the thoughts toward the world of triumphant harmony, might loudly be sung! Happy inmates of this hovel—happy, we say again, and say it with emphasis, after looking into the glittering palaces of Venice: happy its inmates; and wise too—if man be immortal!"

Well would Mr. Taylor unfold the true spirit and strength of the Society of Jesus were he a Catholic himself, and not what he is,—a man standing alone in the midst of a sect, subject to that most entralling of all servitudes,—a servitude to himself and his own experimentalising understanding! It is only, in truth, by remembering how pernicious is the influence of the various separatist systems, that we can be prepared for those gross cases of unfairness and confusion of thought, of which we resume the exposure. Take, for instance, Mr. Taylor's colouring of the fact, which he admits, respecting Loyola's power in delivering his friend Faber from the vehement temptations of the flesh. Loyola's advice was unquestionably the means of enabling Faber to master the foe within him; our author also allows that they were both of them pious Christians, and men of fervent prayer and heroic self-denial. Yet he tells the tale with an under-current of sneering against the "curative devices" employed; and suggests that the whole result was one of mere nature, and not at all of Divine grace, on the preposterous supposition, that the unfolding of the great scheme which Loyola entertained gave a noble passion the mastery over an ignoble one in his disciple's breast. Perhaps it did; probably it did; but how does this shew that it was not the grace of God which really wrought the cure, employing the energies of the mind to counteract the animal vigour of the body? Does not the Holy Ghost constantly work in us by such means? And is every moral con-

quest which we win through the advice of a friend, who places before us the loftiest ends for our labours, to be set down at once as in no way the result of the fastings and mortifications by which we attempt to beat down our passions, as a mere natural process, and not a victory won through the aid of the grace of God?

Thus, again, at page 114, we have a repetition of that piece of sham philosophy, which attributes the infidelity and atheism of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries to the stories of visions and miracles current in the Catholic Church, and often upheld by her authorities. "What must have been the effect," says our author, "produced upon frivolous and sceptical tempers, when, with sedulous art, such things were put forward as solemn verities, not to be distinguished from the primary truths of religion, and entitled to the same reverential regard in our minds!" A more unwarrantable accusation than this was never made. Why does not Mr. Taylor give us his authority for asserting that this monstrous absurdity was habitually perpetrated by the Catholic Church and her individual clergy at the time he speaks of, or at any time whatsoever? The charge is an unmixed fabrication, unsupported by a shadow of evidence. Mr. Taylor doubtless *thinks* the fact was as he describes it; but he only thinks so because he has less knowledge of the faith and practices of Catholics than a poor child in any school in Rome. If he would take the trouble to read, or to inquire in proper quarters, he would learn that no Catholic ever dreams of placing any vision or miraculous event, however well proved, on a level with the truths of religion. He would have seen the most eminent doctors of the Church, including those who were most given to the relating of miraculous stories, and most inclined to believe in them, repeatedly and solemnly protesting that all such things are matters of private opinion, in which every man has a right to believe or disbelieve, according to his own judgment. Had he ever associated with Catholics, and heard their conversation, whether in England or abroad, he could not have closed his eyes to the striking contrast which exists between their faith in "the primary truths of religion," and the perfect freedom, and even license, with which they canvass every story that professes to be supernatural in its origin or details.

With a similar (apparently) wilfully perverted mind, he represents Loyola as "bearding the Pope and Cardinals, and glaringly contravening his own vow of unconditional obedience to the Vicar of Christ, rather than give way to the solicitations of fair and noble penitents;" and the same calumny is repeated again in other places. Yet when did ever Loyola refuse to obey the Pope, when his Holiness gave him a final order to act or abstain from acting? and when did he promise

not to remonstrate with the Pope, when his Holiness proposed to him what he considered an injudicious step? When did he forswear for himself and all Jesuits the privilege of what Mr. Taylor calls "bearding" Cardinals and other dignitaries who had no special authority over himself personally? Mr. Taylor insinuates more than once that Loyola never *would* have obeyed the Pope, if the Pontiff had persevered in any great point against his judgment; and he would have it believed that his conduct towards the Pope was radically inconsistent with that which he exacted from the members of the Society of Jesus towards himself, admitting, at the same time, that the very same power of *remonstrating* with a superior is permitted in the Society, and actually narrating instances in which it was exercised.

Another scandalous misrepresentation of Loyola's motives occurs in the account of his election to be the first General of the new order. We entreat our readers' attention to this precious specimen of reasoning and Christian charity. In introducing the story, Mr. Taylor moralises as follows :

"Those of the fathers who could leave their functions at foreign courts—and these were three only—were summoned to Rome; those who could not attend there, sent forward their votes. But in what manner are we to deal with the account that is presented to us of that which took place on this occasion? How is it to be made to consist either with the straightforwardness and simplicity of intention that are the characteristics of great and noble natures; or how with those maxims of guilelessness which Christianity so much approves? The problem admits of only a partial and unsatisfactory solution; nor can we advance even so far as this, unless we make a very large allowance in favour of Loyola, personally, on the ground of the ill-influence of the system within which he had received his moral and religious training. A principle of factitiousness is deep-seated in the Romish scheme of sanctity. It is a *falseness* which it inherited from the Church-asceticism of an earlier age. Whenever extravagance and exaggeration come to be generally practised, and to be universally admired, pretension and spuriousness are sure to follow, and to become a plague-spot upon the garment of sanctity. Under such a system, when time has fixed upon it its characteristics, while there will always be many truly sincere and honest men, yet nothing will exist that is in itself thoroughly sincere and honest. Loyola, in the instance before us, conducted himself after the fashion of his Church: this must be his apology."

Such is the philosophical view with which we are to start, in reflecting on the undeniable fact, that Loyola, on being elected General, positively refused the office. The fact itself, and its subsequent issue, is then told in the following strain :

"It was he, unquestionably, who had conceived the primary idea of the society. He was the author of the book which constitutes its germ and law—the Spiritual Exercises: he had been principal in digesting the constitutions, or actual code, of the Society. It was he, individually, whom the others had always regarded as their leader and teacher. His influence, personally, was the cement which held the parts in union. It was Loyola who, while his colleagues dispersed themselves throughout Europe, remained at Rome, there to manage the common interests of all, and to carry forward those

negotiations with the papal court which were of vital importance, and of the highest difficulty. In a word, it was he who had convoked this meeting to elect a chief, and who asked the proxies of the absent. Are we, then, to believe that this bold spirit, this far-seeing mind, this astute, inventive, and politic Ignatius, born to rule other minds, and able always to subjugate his own will—that this contriver of a despotism, after having carried the principle of unconditional obedience—after having won the consent of his companions to the proposal that their master should be their master for life—are we to believe that he had never imagined it as probable, much less wished, that the choice of his compeers should fall upon himself, or that he had peremptorily resolved, in such a case, to reject the proffered sovereignty? Surely those writers, the champions of the Society, use us cruelly who demand that we should believe so much as this.

"Le Jay, Brouet, Lainez, and Loyola were those who personally appeared on this occasion. The absent members sent their votes in sealed letters. Three days having been passed in prayer and silence, the four assembled on the fourth day, when the votes were ascertained. All but Loyola's own were in his favour; he voted for the one who should carry the majority of votes. Loyola, we are told, was in an equal degree distressed and amazed in discovering what was the mind of his colleagues. *He*, indeed, to be General of the Society of Jesus!—how strange and preposterous a supposition! Positively he could think of no such thing. What a life had he led before his conversion! How abounding in weaknesses had been his course since! How could he aspire to rule others, who so poorly could rule himself! Days of prayer must yet be devoted to the purpose of imploring the Divine aid, in directing the minds of all toward one who should indeed be qualified for so arduous an office. At the end of this term Loyola was a second time elected, and again refused to comply with the wishes of his friends. He would barely admit their importunities; they could scarcely bring themselves to listen to his contrary reasons. Time passed on, and there seemed a danger lest the Society should go adrift upon the rocks, even in its first attempt to reach deep water. At length Loyola agreed to submit himself to the direction of his confessor. He might thus, perhaps, find it possible to thrust himself through his scruples by the loophole of passive obedience, for he already held himself bound to comply with the injunctions of his spiritual guide, be they what they might. This good man, therefore,—a Father Theodosius of the communion of Minor Brethren—is constituted arbiter of the destinies of the Society of Jesus. To his ear Loyola confides all the reasons, irresistible as they were, which forbade his compliance with the will of his friends. The confessor listens patiently to the long argument, but sets the whole of it at nought. In a word, he declares that Loyola, in declining the proffered generalship, is fighting against God. Further resistance would have been a flagrant impiety, and he, in making himself master of the bodies and souls—the mind and conscience—of all who should yield themselves to his hand, contrives, by an easy artifice, to preserve a spurious modesty from violation."

Observe, now, how Jesuit characters are demolished. First comes this splendid example of profound sense: under the Roman system, "while there will always be many truly sincere and honest men, yet nothing will exist that is in itself thoroughly sincere and honest." That is, Saints are sometimes rogues, and a "truly sincere and honest man" *never* does that which is in itself thoroughly sincere and honest. Secondly, because this is an undeniable axiom, therefore Loyola, in refusing the generalship, played the hypocrite, and expected and intended to be made General while

he professed to be distressed and amazed at being chosen. The scene with his confessor was a pretty little incident, arranged to carry on the drama to a pleasing *dénouement*. This is, in fact, an example of the whole course of Protestant dealings with the Catholics. They have only one argument, which is this: All Catholics are rogues, therefore these apparently heroic Christian virtues are trickery. This is the sum of the whole. Truly might we retort as follows: All Protestants are fools, therefore it is not worth while to reply to their absurdities.

The real source of Mr. Taylor's imputations upon St. Ignatius is the circumstance that he never knew such an instance of genuine humility among his own friends and acquaintances, and that had *he* been in Loyola's place, such high-wrought virtue would have been far beyond his attainment. He judges him by the standard of English Protestantism; by the measure of the graces of Anglican Archbishops and Bishops, of Deans and Chapters, of Members of Parliament and noble Lords, of Dissenting ministers and Chairmen of Railway boards. *Self*, doubtless, is ever present to all these worthy individuals, and the reported conduct of Loyola appears to them simply incredible; they laugh at the idea, as the naked African laughs at the idea of water made solid with cold. And so long as Mr. Taylor is content to believe that the promises of our blessed Lord are not really fulfilled to the letter, and that the gifts of the Holy Spirit suffice to raise a man only to the respectable mediocrity of common English piety, so long will he be obliged to resort to some nonsensical, inconsistent theory or other, in order to account for, and explain away, the historical facts which the Catholic Church presents to his study, and whose actual existence he is too candid to deny. It is only fair, however, to say, that he does not always have recourse to these unworthy subterfuges, but now and then *almost* does justice to the great man whose conduct he is surveying. Thus, in the subjoined paragraph, he remarks upon the error of supposing that it was mere ambition which prompted Loyola to employ all his energies to prevent Jesuits from being made Bishops.

"To affirm that this abnegation of ambition, in its more ordinary forms, was regarded by Loyola and his colleagues as the means necessary for giving scope to an ambition—extraordinary and unbounded, would be an easy mode of laying open the motives of his earnestness on this occasion. It may be thought that he might cheaply spurn bishoprics for himself, and for his followers, while contriving, for their benefit, and for his own, a despotism that should grasp the world! Such an explication of the facts may seem obvious and natural, and it would readily be accepted by those, on the one hand, who wish by all means to disparage Jesuitism and its author; and, on the other, by persons of sardonic temperament, whose pleasure it is to mock at human nature. Meantime those who examine Loyola's character more calmly and attentively will be slow to accept any such supposition. His master-motive was not of the kind to which the epithet *ambition* can with

propriety be applied. A great idea had possessed itself of his mind : he pursued it with a consistent and vehement intensity ; he rejected whatever he felt to be of incongruous quality ; he discerned, at a glance, every adverse influence, and turned it aside :—all was harmony and unison in his conception of the Jesuit Institute ; how, then, could he tolerate or accept what he felt to be dissonant, or knew to be destructive ? It was not therefore a cloaked ambition, if the word is to carry its ordinary meaning, that impelled Loyola to refuse ecclesiastical dignities. He did so that he might hold his principle intact."

We conclude for the present with Mr. Taylor's remarks on the character of St. Ignatius, which are among the most *curious* passages in the whole work.

" It can scarcely be affirmed that Loyola found ready to his hand, within the Romish Church, elements, intellectual or religious, that needed only to be moulded anew to suit his purpose. These elements existed, indeed, in human nature, and it is true also that the jarring movements of the sixteenth century tended to bring them more within his reach than otherwise they might have been. But it is certain that the modes of thinking, and the habits that had so long been cherished within the Church, especially within the circle of its monastic enclosures, were far from being what can be regarded as constituting a fit preparation for the Jesuit Institute. Jesuitism, while taking to itself the concentration and the intentness that had belonged (at their best) to the monastic bodies, ran counter to them all in its main principle, as well as in the practical application of that principle. Monasticism had subsisted, or it was intended to subsist, as a sort of moral anomaly in the midst of a sensual world ; but Jesuitism planted itself as an anomaly in the bosom of the Church. The monk vows to deny himself as to his earthly appetites ; the Jesuit as to his spiritual tastes. The men of the monastery are, or they should be, aspirant followers in that right-hand angelic stream that is ever ascending Jacob's ladder, from earth to heaven ; but the company of Jesuits offers itself to the eye on the sinister side of the same colossal scale, and its members are perpetually descending from heaven to busy themselves with the things of earth. It was no easy task to turn a stream that had flowed so long in one direction ; and merely to imagine such an enterprise as that of turning it, was the effort of a powerful and self-prompting intellect, confident in its own wrought-out conclusions, and immovably fixed in its grasp of what it had thus created for itself.

" And as the scheme was vast, the execution of it, and the perpetual administration of a system so novel in its intentions, and so wide in its actual extent, demanded the rarest talents. Loyola's power over other minds was such as belongs to those men of genius—a few in any age—or rather, a few in the lapse of ages, who had first acquired a sovereign power over themselves, before they asserted their right to rule the world. He was master of other men, and even of some superior to himself in mind and accomplishments, because he had become more master of himself than were they of themselves. It does not appear that he ever failed to carry his purposes within the Society, or even within the circle of the Church, so far as any of its measures or movements might affect the interests of the order. In each instance in which he undertook to wrestle with authorities he finally prevailed, as by a sort of molluscous pertinacity : he wound himself around his antagonist, nor could there be any release from the boneless gripe—except by the spell of that consenting word, ' Be it, then, as you will ! ' In those encounters of this sort that are recorded, what Loyola had to do was, not simply to obtain the consent of authorities to particular measures which he wished to carry, and which they

might think adverse to their interests, as to convince them of the soundness of a principle wholly new to their minds. And thus also towards recusant members of the Society, the question between the General and the insubordinate Jesuit was often a question of principle, which the subaltern had not, as yet, comprehended. It was the task of Loyola to forge upon many hundred minds the IDEA of the Society ; and in the execution of this task, far more than in the compilation of its code, he displayed a power and a unity of purpose, surpassed by few of the achievements of either philosophers or legislators. No instance is mentioned of his having lost sight of his master principle, or of his giving way, except for a moment, to any infringement of it. In matters not touching this principle he was easily compliant, and seemingly open to the impulse of circumstances. Even in things that did affect the working of the institute, he was far from shewing himself to be opinionative, or unduly prepossessed in favour of his first determinations. Consistency, not pertinacity, was Loyola's characteristic.

" Much was always left to the discretion of the several Provincials in the government of the Society. The General, vigilant and cognisant of all details, was yet quite superior to the folly of attempting to do and to rule every thing. His colleagues felt that they were trusted by their master, and they were ordinarily well pleased when they could justify the confidence thus reposed in them. By most of them he was well and affectionately served. As to the constitutions of the Society, it was by slow degrees only that they came to be defined and fixed. Their sagacious author, exempt as he was from the legislator's fond conceit that his theoretic code could admit of no improvement, wished rather that time and experience should teach him what in it was practically good, and enable him to abrogate or to modify whatever had appeared to have been ill devised. Rigid in the enforcement of each actual rule, so long as it stood upon the statute book, he lent an ear at all times to reasons which might induce him to remove it thence. Loyola understood too the respective offices of faith, or religious motive, and of reason. He was wary of *emotion*, when it might influence those determinations over which it was the province of *reason* to preside. It was his professed practice, on all occasions of moment, to implore the Divine guidance, with a simple-hearted fervour, as if Heaven was to do all : and having done this—then to apply himself, with all his might, to every natural means of success, by aid of energy, sagacity, and the calculation of causes, as if the event were wholly dependent upon human forethought and assiduity. ' Let us pray as if we had no help in ourselves : let us labour as if there were no help for us in Heaven.'

" What is said of him by all his biographers, as to the impassioned style of his devotions—and as to the copiousness of that torrent of tears which seemed, at length, to have quite exhausted his natural moisture, and to have brought him almost to the physical condition of a mummy—must be admitted as authentic in the main, and therefore as proving that his temperament was far from cold, or purely intellectual. But he had learned a secret which, perhaps, very few passionate spirits ever learn, or ever attempt to put in practice—namely, during the paroxysms of emotion to *unharness reason*, and to let her stand by in her place. Loyola's emotions, how impetuous soever they might be, never ran away with his mind. At whatever time his bark was driven before the hurricane of religious fervour, reason was found to be safe on shore, and ready to resume her place at the helm when the winds were hushed. He did nothing *without* emotion ; but he did nothing at its bidding. ' Impulse and feeling,' he would say, ' man shares with the inferior orders around him ; but reason is his distinction, and with him, therefore, it should be supreme.' "

## RUSKIN'S SEVEN LAMPS OF ARCHITECTURE.

*The Seven Lamps of Architecture.* By John Ruskin, author of "Modern Painters :" with Illustrations, drawn and etched by the Author. Smith and Elder.

MR. RUSKIN will, we trust, require no apology for the tone of the following remarks. So plain-spoken a person will not, we are assured, take it ill if he meets with some few of those controversial blows which he bestows with such hearty goodwill whenever and wherever he pleases. Nor will he, or any of our readers, conclude, from the character of our strictures upon his recent performance, that we account it otherwise than a book of great ability and interest, and well worth the study of every man who views art as something more than a mere fashionable amusement. If we dwell more upon its errors than its merits, it is because the latter will commend themselves to every thoughtful mind, while the former are often enforced with a plausibility and an energy which will take many persons by surprise, and captivate the fancy, while they fail to commend themselves to the calmer and more critical judgment.

We rise, then, from the perusal of this book at a loss whether most to admire the genius of its author or to wonder at his folly. It has evidently been Mr. Ruskin's misfortune to have associated with few persons who were at all able to enter into his views, to discuss them with him on grounds which he himself would respect, and to give him the advice which the constitution of his mind and the defects of his information demand. Possessing critical talents of a very high order, a diligent observer and investigator, and with a soul far above the trashy impostures which in the present day usurp the title of works of art and essays on its cultivation, he yet labours under two or three disadvantages which operate seriously to the deterioration of his otherwise most valuable books. He has unhappily an overweening confidence in his own theories and feelings, and a proportionate contempt for all who disagree with him ; his studies have been a good deal limited to works of art, books on art, and English poetry, to the exclusion of other and more severe means for disciplining the mind and forming the taste, while on certain topics his ignorance is as egregious as his dogmatism is offensive; and he has adopted a peculiar style of writing, which frequently verges on the unintelligible, through the excessive awkwardness of its construction, and his utter want of perception of the true genius of the English language.

Mr. Ruskin's headlong onslaughts upon all whom he counts his opponents are well known to those who have read his former work on Modern Painters. He is possessed with the error that vehemence is force, and violence

strength. He thinks that people will tolerate virulence, under the idea that it is earnestness. He writes on matters of art as if they were questions of morals, and as if a breach of the laws of good taste or artistic expression were a breach of the Ten Commandments. We smile as we read his declamations, clever and brilliant as they are, and are surprised that any man of sense can make use of a species of phraseology, when criticising buildings, statues, and paintings, which would better describe the enormities of pickpockets and housebreakers.

Mr. Ruskin's egotism is indeed a serious drawback to the influence which his works ought to exercise on the art of his contemporaries. We can endure the egotism of enthusiasm, but not the egotism of criticism ; and Mr. Ruskin's egotism is of the latter kind. The spirit of criticism and philosophical investigation haunts him like a nightmare. He is ever judicial, ever professional, ever legislative. He is not absorbed in his subject ; he absorbs his subject into himself. We never forget him for an instant. Criticising is his nature, his element, his manifest delight. And therefore his egotism is singularly disagreeable and out of place. It wearies and teases us, instead of communicating to us that sort of energy and movement of thought which a less self-conscious egotism can sometimes infuse into a reader's mind.

Much of this intolerance and overbearing spirit doubtless arises from Mr. Ruskin's limited range of studies. He is a man who is ever busied in working out his own ideas by his own unaided powers, in the way of solitary reflection, rather than in contest with other minds of equal calibre with his own. He is not well read in philosophy, classical literature, history, or science. In theological matters his ignorance is literally astonishing ; and, like all ignorant men, he writes with an assumption of infallibility which is simply absurd. He knows something of the imaginative, metaphorical, and pictorial aspect of the Bible ; and he has a great idea that certain elements of morality are to be carried out with the utmost rigour and consistency. But of religious doctrine he apparently knows no more than the commonplace Protestants of the day, and devoutly believes only the gospel according to Dr. Croly. It is indeed a not slightly significant token of the shallowness of the popular religionism of our time, that a man of Mr. Ruskin's acuteness should write a book exalting the religious architecture of the 13th century almost to the level of a work of inspiration, and term it pre-eminently *Christian* architecture, and at the same time believe the Pope to be Antichrist, and gravely propose the repeal of the Catholic Emancipation Act as necessary to the well-being of England. There is something so

transcendently ludicrous in the notion that the Church of Rome is *idolatrous*, and yet that the early mediaeval architecture was the result of the purest Christian faith and feeling, that we can only suppose that Mr. Ruskin believes that Cranmer, Luther, and Henry VIII. flourished some 700 years ago, and that Salisbury Cathedral was built in the reign of Elizabeth. The simplicity which can identify the creed and practices of the 13th century with those of "English Protestantism" is so delicious, that whatever else be Mr. Ruskin's deserts, he may at least lay claim to the invention of something unquestionably *new*.

We are sorry to say also, that this lively, trenchant, and brilliant writer is positively becoming tedious. Mr. Ruskin has taken to a sort of moralising strain, and a quaint, sermonising species of phraseology, which makes his book sometimes read like a country parson's discourse or a penny tract. We do not say that this is the pervading style of his work. On the contrary, it abounds with noble passages, forcible imagery, and a certain rude eloquence which is highly captivating. But he is too fond of getting up into the professorial chair, and announcing moral truths with a grave solemnity and in professional forms of speech, which are very far from attractive, and prejudice us against the unquestionable originality and profoundness of thought which he frequently displays. Now and then, too, he seems to have caught the peculiar canting style of the Cambridge Camden (or Ecclesiological) Society; and elevates minute trivialities to the rank of moral enormities, talking of what is right, and wrong, and lawful, and horrible, and immoral, and un-Christian, in a spirit of unreality and fictitious indignation which is wholly unworthy of a man who denounces the follies and impositions of his fellow-creatures with such unsparing severity. Add to this, that he is far more careless than ever in the construction of his sentences and the arrangement of his words. He writes as most fluent people talk, with that slovenly, disjointed, and awkward disposition of his thoughts and expressions, which is scarcely noticed in speaking, but on paper becomes barely intelligible. Never was there a book which more needed pruning and polishing than this *Seven Lamps of Architecture*; never was there a book which with so much that is great contained more that is little. We pass from a superb passage of glowing eloquence to an uncouth commonplace; from a sentiment marked by the deepest philosophy to a piece of nonsensical declamation or abuse which a child can see through.

The "Seven Lamps of Architecture"—(why there are just seven, and no more, we are not informed)—are, the Lamp of *Sacrifice*, the Lamp of *Truth*, the Lamp of *Power*, the Lamp of *Beauty*, the Lamp of *Life*, the Lamp of *Memory*, and the Lamp of *Obedience*. On the embossed cover, however, we find seven me-

dallions, on which are imprinted the seven Latin words, *Religio, Observantia, Auctoritas, Fides, Obedientia, Memoria, Spiritus*. Whether these latter are to be considered the same as the former seven, we are not told; nor whether those of the Latin words which do not respond to any of the English words are to be considered as so many additional lamps. We incline to the former supposition, thinking it more than probable that as Mr. Ruskin has given us a new ecclesiastical history, so he is about to favour the republic of letters with a new Latin language. Be this as it may, the book itself is concerned with those seven elements in architectural excellence, which are implied in the seven English words.

At the first glance it will be seen that Mr. Ruskin has not undertaken to expound the *principles* of architectural science, in the truest sense of the word. He has not ventured upon the discussion of the ideas which lie deep at the heart of all artistic expression, or sought to define what can be accomplished by architecture as a means of expression. His essay may, however, fairly claim to be called a treatise on the principles of the *rules* of architectural art. He unfolds the spirit in which, rather than the ideas on which, the true artist will design and complete his edifice. To use terms properly applicable to a religious system, his "lamps" are as it were the *morals* of art, and in no sense the *doctrines* of art. He thus will never succeed in making men artists, because he does not go to the root of the mischief which ruins the art of the age, and we suspect that he himself is quite unconscious that any thing more than a good *spirit* of design and workmanship is necessary to the reality of any art whatsoever. If the whole race of English artists were as enthusiastic as Mr. Ruskin himself in the adoption of his views, we should see no result beyond a splendid mediocrity; a cold, meaningless, or convulsive effort to communicate to a dead body the aspect of a living being.

What we have already said, indeed, of the extraordinary delusion under which Mr. Ruskin labours with respect to the creed of the mediaeval architects, is sufficient to account for his avoidance of any thing that might betray his own inability to probe the wounds of art to the bottom. His notions as to the real ideas and sentiments which the ancient architects embodied in their wonderful creations, are so vague, misty, and contradictory, that he very naturally shuns any attempt to shew his contemporaries where they ought to begin, if they would rival the works of their forefathers. Had he tried any thing of this kind, the inevitable result would have been that he would have discovered that neither he nor they were agreed even in the few positive ideas, religious, political, and domestic, which they do possess; and that, on the whole, their creed is a mere mass of negations, a literal *protesting*

against the intellectual, spiritual, and moral nature of other times, with no definite faith or feeling of their own.

Mr. Ruskin's first "Lamp" is that of *Sacrifice*. He does not, however, very clearly define what he means by sacrifice, and a degree of confusion of thought in his illustrations and deductions is the consequence. He seems hardly to know whether he means the principle that in raising edifices of a religious character we should *offer* to God whatever is best of its kind, or whether he thinks that sacrifice means labour. Much that he says on this branch of his subject is good, but he falls into the commonplace error of exaggerating the universal excellence of the works of other times, and seems to suppose that in the 13th century every one employed "the Flaxman of his time," and no one else. He tells us that "all old work nearly has been hard work." This is the stale mistake of fancying that all the buildings of antiquity were great, strong, and enduring, because those which remain to us are so. When will antiquarians remember that the best works alone remain, because the inferior works have necessarily perished? Does Mr. Ruskin suppose that London and Waterloo Bridges, and the Nelson column, and half the deformities of the metropolis and the provinces, will not last as long as York Minster or Cologne Cathedral, and that Sir Christopher Wren's churches are not destined to see many a Gothic spire and tower laid low in the dust?

The chapter on the Lamp of *Truth* contains many admirable criticisms and suggestions, with some exaggerations and absurdities. For instance, Mr. Ruskin says that the English nation is "distinguished for its general uprightness and faith," in the same sentence in which he avows that modern English architecture has "more of pretence, concealment, and deceit than any other of this or of past time." Thus it is that Mr. Ruskin contrives to make his views ridiculous in men's eyes. At the very moment that he is dilating with all the vehemence of a Savonarola against the dissociation of earnestness and truthfulness from art, and maintaining that the hollowness of modern "Romanist" art is a proof of the wickedness and idolatry of Rome, he would coolly have us believe that there is *no* connexion between the hollowness of English Protestant art and the hollowness of the Protestant creed. On Mr. Ruskin's own admissions, either art has nothing to do with morals, faith, and earnestness (in which case the present book is the assertion of an impudent fallacy), or the wretchedness of our modern art is the result of some deep-seated disease in the whole mind of the nation. Perhaps, by the way, as our author's chronology and history is not of the most exact sort, he considers that the Emancipation Act was the cause of the architectural abominations of Regent Street, and

the Maynooth Grant the originator of Mr. Wilkins's design for the National Gallery.

We are sorry also to find Mr. Ruskin echoing the vulgar cry against *cast* or *machine-cut* ornaments in iron, or any other material. We confess that the objection so often made to such works savours to us of the shallowest bigotry. Mr. Ruskin, and those whom he imitates, seem to imagine that there is a sort of magic charm in beating iron with a hammer, and that a machine which gives to the workman's chisel the force of a steam-engine, is something contrary to the commandment, "Thou shalt not steal." Now, we are ready to allow that cast-iron ornaments, or cast-brass, or any thing else that is formed in a mould, which *pretends not* to be so moulded, but to be constructed with the hammer, or in some other old-fashioned way, is an absurdity and an imposture; and further, we are convinced that, like other hypocrisies, it never thoroughly succeeds, but betrays itself by a manifest inferiority and awkwardness. But why there is an eternal impropriety in making a fender, or a door-handle, or an iron gate for a church, by means of a mould, or why we should regard a cast glass salt-cellar or tumbler with a sort of moral horror, we never could conceive. Objections to cast and machine-made ornaments on such grounds as these are a mere ridiculous prudery and affectation, and serve only to prejudice men of shrewd sense against any thing like a philosophy in art, as the fantastic dream of half-insane fanatics. Let us have cast-iron ornaments to look like what they are, designed solely with a view to please, and not to deceive, and no earthly reason exists why they should not have a beauty peculiarly their own, even though their beauty be of a different type from that which is characteristic of iron wrought by the hand alone. There is as much genius and truth of utterance in a bird, or a flower, or a bust, carved in oak by Jordan's patent, as if the same result had been produced by an unaided mallet and chisel. The only difference is that one is produced more *easily* than the other; and if greater facility in accomplishment is to be accounted an evil, then the sooner we relapse at once into barbarism the better.

In the same fantastic spirit of arbitrary selection, Mr. Ruskin considers it "*unlawful*" to use metals as a *support* in building. He will tolerate them as a *cement*, but as a cement alone. Really we hardly know how to reply to such quibbling, and such childish slavery to a cut-and-dried set of rules. The notion that some few of the material products of the universe are to enjoy a sort of act-of-Parliament monopoly, and that any thing else which answers the same purpose equally well, or even far better, is to be for ever excluded from employment, is quite inimitable in its way. If Mr. Ruskin had been born a savage, dwelling in huts made of branches of trees, we can con-

ceive his orthodox horror at the discovery of the possibility of making bricks, or of building houses with stone.

This theory he further enforces by one of those artificial reasonings into which men fall, who dwell too much in an intellectual solitude, and mistake their private fancies for necessary deductions from unquestionable premises. He says that man ought to *limit himself*, and confine his resources within certain arbitrary bounds, because Divine Omnipotence has restrained itself in the construction of the physical universe, such as it is! How like the reasoning of a publication of the Religious Tract Society! Because Almighty God vouch-safes to employ means to the performance of certain ends, and because those means are not precisely those which we or Mr. Ruskin would have chosen for the purpose, *therefore* a poor, miserable atom like man, whose utmost efforts to accomplish his ends are but as the devices of an infant, is to ape the system of creative Omnipotence, and conceitedly thrust away the materials which the Divine Author of nature has placed within his reach!

On the "Lamp of Power" Mr. Ruskin has many excellent reflections, with many that savour somewhat of wire-drawing and straw-splitting, and some in which praise or blame is awarded far more in accordance with the dictates of arbitrary custom and chance association than on any stable principles of art. For instance, our author will have marble and limestone in general to be chiselled smooth, because (as he tells us) it is easy to produce a flat surface in marble! The following extracts, on the other hand, strike us as containing much admirable criticism:

"Let us, then, see what is this power and majesty, which Nature herself does not disdain to accept from the works of man; and what that sublimity in the masses built up by his coralline-like energy, which is honourable, even when transferred by association to the dateless hills, which it needed earthquakes to lift, and deluges to mould.

"And first, of mere size: it might not be thought possible to emulate the sublimity of natural objects in this respect; nor would it be, if the architect contended with them in pitched battle. It would not be well to build pyramids in the valley of Chamouni; and St. Peter's, among its many other errors, counts for not the least injurious its position on the slope of an inconsiderable hill. But imagine it placed on the plain of Marengo, or, like the Superga of Turin, or like La Salute at Venice! The fact is, that the apprehension of the size of natural objects, as well as of architecture, depends more on fortunate excitement of the imagination than on measurements by the eye; and the architect has a peculiar advantage in being able to press close upon the sight such magnitude as he can command. There are few rocks, even among the Alps, that have a clear vertical fall as high as the choir of Beauvais; and if we secure a good precipice of wall, or a sheer and unbroken flank of tower, and place them where there are no enormous natural features to oppose them, we shall feel in them no want of sublimity of size. And it may be matter of encouragement in this respect, though one also of regret, to observe how much oftener man destroys natural sublimity, than nature crushes human power. It does not need much to humiliate a mountain. A hut

will sometimes do it; I never look up to the Col de Balme from Chamouni, without a violent feeling of provocation against its hospitable little cabin, whose bright white walls form a visibly four-square spot on the green ridge, and entirely destroy all idea of its elevation. A single villa will often mar a whole landscape, and dethrone a dynasty of hills; and the acropolis of Athens, Parthenon and all, has, I believe, been dwarfed into a model by the palace lately built beneath it. The fact is, that hills are not so high as we fancy them; and when to the actual impression of no mean comparative size is added the sense of the toil of manly hand and thought, a sublimity is reached, which nothing but gross error in arrangement of its parts can destroy."

The subjoined is an example of Mr. Ruskin's strength as a writer on mere art, and of his miserably perverted notions on the ideas which art has to embody.

"Positive shade is a more necessary and more sublime thing in an architect's hands than in a painter's. For the latter being able to temper his light with an under tone throughout, and to make it delightful with sweet colour, or awful with lurid colour, and to represent distance, and air, and sun, by the depth of it, and fill its whole space with expression, can deal with an enormous, nay, almost with an universal, extent of it, and the best painters most delight in such extent; but as light, with the architect, is nearly always liable to become full and untempered sunshine seen upon solid surface, his only rests, and his chief means of sublimity, are definite shades. So that, after size and weight, the power of architecture may be said to depend on the quantity (whether measured in space or intension) of its shadow; and it seems to me, that the reality of its works, and the use and influence they have in the daily life of men (as opposed to those works of art with which we have nothing to do but in times of rest or of pleasure), require of it that it should express a kind of human sympathy, by a measure of darkness as great as there is in human life: and that as the great poem and great fiction generally affect us most by the majesty of their masses of shade, and cannot take hold upon us if they affect a continuance of lyric sprightliness, but must be serious often, and sometimes melancholy, else they do not express the truth of this wild world of ours; so there must be, in this magnificently human art of architecture, some equivalent expression for the trouble and wrath of life, for its sorrow and its mystery: and this it can only give by depth or diffusion of gloom, by the frown upon its front, and the shadow of its recess. So that Rembrandtism is a noble manner in architecture, though a false one in painting; and I do not believe that ever any building was truly great, unless it had mighty masses, vigorous and deep, of shadow mingled with its surface. And among the first habits that a young architect should learn, is that of thinking in shadow, not looking at a design in its miserable liny skeleton, but conceiving it as it will be when the dawn lights it, and the dusk leaves it; when its stones will be hot, and its crannies cool; when the lizards will bask on the one, and the birds build in the other. Let him design with the sense of cold and heat upon him; let him cut out the shadows, as men dig wells in unwatered plains; and lead along the lights, as a founder does his hot metal; let him keep the full command of both, and see that he knows how they fall, and where they fade. His paper lines and proportions are of no value; all that he has to do must be done by spaces of light and darkness; and his business is to see that the one is broad and bold enough not to be swallowed up by twilight, and the other deep enough not to be dried like a shallow pool by a noonday sun."

Not to dwell on the palpable one-sidedness of all this as respects the power of *shadow* in painting, and its forgetfulness of the fact that, in almost every great historical picture of the

greatest masters, about *two-thirds* of the whole painting is in shade, we cannot pass by Mr. Ruskin's Pagan theory on the sentiment which ought to pervade the architecture of man. Is he serious in telling us that not only domestic, social, and political architecture, but even *religious* architecture, ought to be especially impressed with the trouble and wrath of life, its sorrow and its mystery? Why, even Heathenism would often fill its temples with symbols of joy and gladness, and types of the reconciliation which it supposed to be wrought between its divinities and mankind. Is the frame of mind at which the devout Christian ought to aim, and which faith in the gospel of mercy tends to work within him, gloomy, cavern-like, and awestruck? Is a church constructed in the manner of Rembrandt's pictures a fitting habitation for a Christian soul? Truly, it speaks ill for Mr. Ruskin's theology, if this is any thing more than unmeaning flourish. He must be falling in love with dark, self-torturing Puritanism, or be oppressed with a frightful sense of the unpardonableness of human guilt, and the powerlessness of all Christian doctrine to console, which makes him thus love that which speaks only of sin, and suffering, and despair, rather than of that peace and joy, that calm repose and buoyant hope, which the religion of Jesus Christ confers on those who receive it in its true strength and purity.

In the same passion for wretchedness, Mr. Ruskin denounces every thing like an attempt to please the taste and gratify the feelings in any matter connected with railways. He hugs misery to himself with a self-sacrificing heroism of patience. Railroad travelling is with him all misery and discomfort. He says it deprives people—judging, of course, from his own experience—of that temper and discretion which are necessary to the enjoyment of beauty. He purchases his ticket with the feelings of a man who sends a prescription to the druggist's to be made up; he gets into the carriage (even a first-class one) with the wry face with which we swallow a nauseous medicine, and resigns himself to a martyrdom of anguish, until the horrible operation of locomotion is past, and he is once more sent forth to his ordinary state of being. He says that a man on a railway has “parted with the nobler characteristics of humanity.” Henceforth we shall never see a person on the Great Western, or Birmingham, or any other line, huddled up in a corner of a carriage, dark, sour, and misanthropic in visage, and resenting the suggestion of any agreeable thoughts as a cruel mockery of an inward and unknown sorrow, without thinking that we see the author of the *Seven Lamps* rejoicing in his woes, and oppressed with the mingled consciousness that he is moving at the rate of thirty miles an hour, and that that wicked Papist, the Earl of Arundel and Surrey, is a member of the Commons House of Parliament. In common compassion to a suffering fellow-

creature, we would suggest to Mr. Ruskin, that if he were to try the effects of “idolatrous Romanism” upon his own mind, he would find it quite possible to be happy even in a second or third class railway-carriage, and to go from London to Edinburgh with an unruffled soul.

With the chapter on the “Lamp of Beauty” we have serious fault to find. Professing at the outset to assert that those things alone are beautiful in which all will agree with him, Mr. Ruskin proceeds to announce a theory which is asgratuitous and unsupported as his illustrations of his truth are inconsistent with the facts to which he declares that he appeals. His theory is, that the forms of all architectural beauty are to be found in nature; and thus, with his usual reiteration of “I believe,” “I say,” “I know,” “I would,” “I am justified,” “I doubt not,” “I have no hesitation,” &c. &c., he expands his fancy :

“Now, I would insist especially on the fact, of which I doubt not that farther illustrations will occur to the mind of every reader, that all most lovely forms and thoughts are directly taken from natural objects; because I would fain be allowed to assume also the converse of this, namely, that forms which are *not* taken from natural objects *must* be ugly. I know this is a bold assumption; but as I have not space to reason out the points wherein essential beauty of form consists, that being far too serious a work to be undertaken in a bye way, I have no other resource than to use this accidental mark or test of beauty, of whose truth the considerations which I hope hereafter to lay before the reader may assure him. I say an accidental mark, since forms are not beautiful *because* they are copied from nature; only it is out of the power of man to conceive beauty without her aid. I believe the reader will grant me this, even from the examples above advanced; the degree of confidence with which it is granted must attach also to his acceptance of the conclusions which will follow from it; but if it be granted frankly, it will enable me to determine a matter of very essential importance, namely, what *is* or is *not* ornament. For there are many forms of so-called decoration in architecture, habitual, and received therefore with approval, or at all events without any venture at expression of dislike, which I have no hesitation in asserting to be not ornament at all, but to be ugly things, the expense of which ought in truth to be set down in the architect's contract, as ‘For Monstrification.’ I believe that we regard these customary deformities with a savage complacency, as an Indian does his flesh patterns and paint (all nations being in certain degrees and senses savage). I believe that I can prove them to be monstrous, and I hope hereafter to do so conclusively; but, meantime, I can allege in defence of my persuasion nothing but this fact of their being unnatural, to which the reader must attach such weight as he thinks it deserves. There is, however, a peculiar difficulty in using this proof; it requires the writer to assume, very impertinently, that nothing is natural but what he has seen or supposes to exist. I would not do this; for I suppose there is no conceivable form or grouping of forms but in some part of the universe an example of it may be found. But I think I am justified in considering those forms to be *most* natural which are most frequent; or rather, that on the shapes which in the every-day world are familiar to the eyes of men, God has stamped those characters of beauty which He has made it man's nature to love; while in certain exceptional forms He has shewn that the adoption of the others was not a matter of necessity, but part of the adjusted harmony of creation. I believe that thus we may reason from frequency to beauty, and vice *versâ*; that knowing a thing to be frequent, we

may assume it to be beautiful; and assume that which is most frequent to be most beautiful: I mean, of course, *visibly* frequent; for the forms of things which are hidden in caverns of the earth, or in the anatomy of animal frames, are evidently not intended by their Maker to bear the habitual gaze of man. And again, by frequency I mean that limited and isolated frequency which is characteristic of all perfection; not mere multitude: as a rose is a common flower, but yet there are not so many roses on the tree as there are leaves. In this respect Nature is sparing of her highest, and lavish of her less, beauty; but I call the flower as frequent as the leaf, because, each in its allotted quantity, where the one is, there will ordinarily be the other."

Accordingly, Mr. Ruskin accounts it impossible to produce beauty with straight lines, which, as every body knows, are very rare in natural objects. This consequence, indeed, of his theory, is its true touchstone. Let us see, then, wherein its fallacy consists. That it is fallacious, a little ordinary recollection of the objects men do call beautiful will shew. It condemns, for example, the Parthenon to the sentence of ugliness! In the Greek temple there is scarcely a line to be found which is not straight, scarcely a form which is borrowed from nature; yet who is insensible to the exquisite *beauty* of its design, and to the intense depth of sentiment and repose which it conveys to the mind? In like manner, Mr. Ruskin must deny the existence of beauty in the vast majority of Italian domestic and palatial buildings, where for every curved line there are ten straight lines. Does he see no beauty in the tower of Magdalen College, Oxford, where nearly every line is straight; no beauty in Salisbury spire, in the west front of Cologne Cathedral, or in the whole class of Gothic exteriors, where the flowing curve is as rare, and the straight line as general, as the curve is general and the straight line rare in a landscape, and in all the works of visible nature? The hollowness of this dogma, indeed, appears in Mr. Ruskin's own illustrations of its truth. For example, we find him uttering the following glaring piece of misrepresentation of facts:

"The next ornament whose cause I would try is that of our Tudor work, the portcullis. Reticulation is common enough in natural form, and very beautiful; but it is either of the most delicate and gauzy texture, or of variously sized meshes and undulating lines. There is no family relation between portcullis and cobwebs or beetles' wings; something like it, perhaps, may be found in some kinds of crocodile armour and on the backs of the Northern divers, but always beautifully varied in size of mesh. There is a dignity in the thing itself, if its size were exhibited, and the shade given through its bars; but even these merits are taken away in the Tudor diminution of it, set on a solid surface. It has not a single syllable, I believe, to say in its defence. It is another monster, absolutely and unmitigatedly frightful. All that carving on Henry the Seventh's Chapel simply deforms the stones of it."

Now, we are not concerned to defend the beauty of the Tudor portcullis, which is ugly and absurd enough; but, in the name of common sense, let it be condemned with something like an adherence to truth of reasoning, and not on the extraordinary assumption that natural reticulation is "either of most delicate and gauzy

texture, or of variously sized meshes and undulating lines." One would think Mr. Ruskin had passed his whole life among spiders, and such-like unpleasant insects. Has he never seen a piece of honeycomb?

The faultiness of his theory is this, that he entirely overlooks the difference between the *materials* with which the great Author of Nature works, in the production of her myriad forms, and those with which man is compelled to work. He has forgotten that the animal, the vegetable, and, in a certain sense, the mineral world also, is one boundless and infinitely diversified manifestation of life, while we form and fashion objects from dead and utterly inanimate matter. Hence it is, that, while the laws of *tenacity* are the governing principles of natural forms, the law of *gravity* is that which rules over the works of human art with irresistible sway. The whole world of nature, from the countenance and figure of man himself, down to the humblest and least developed crystalline surface, are the results of life, strength, movement, and change. They are delightful to the soul, not alone because they often commend themselves to our natural *sense* of the beautiful, but because of what they utter and what they suggest, and because they are the consequences of a spiritual and indwelling energy, which has made them what they are.

And being thus instinct with life, whether animal, vegetable, or chemical, they possess certain physical attributes which permit them to multiply their forms in so vast a multitude of variations, that the imagination is appalled at the thought of numbering them, and feels almost as if it were vainly seeking to grasp the infinite. A handful of garden-flowers, or the boughs and leaves of a single forest-tree, present combinations of curved and straight lines which almost defy our calculation to reckon. And why? Because the materials of which they are formed possess the tenacity of vitality, and are capable of being moulded into varieties and combinations which are simply *impossible* in the works of man. The moment we take the products of creation, and employ them as materials of art, their whole nature is radically altered. Death comes in place of life, decay in place of change, stillness in place of movement. We have an obstacle to overcome in their employment, which—so to say—was comparatively unknown to the Author of nature when they yielded themselves to his plastic hand. We cannot consult our imagination alone in devising new shapes of grace and beauty into which to cast them. We must call in the aid of mathematical construction, and the law of gravity so as to counteract itself. We must draw lines, and smoothen surfaces, and balance parts, and compensate for deficiency of strength, not according to the suggestions of poetry alone, but in subservience to the dictates of geometry. Hence arise a thousand combinations in art which are not found in nature,

simply because they are needless. A straight line actually becomes stronger than a curved. The eye rests with delight on stones piled together in forms which would be utterly detestable in a natural cave, or on a mountain height. Proportion itself assumes a totally new aspect, and whereas it rarely exists with any rigid exactness in natural creations, is essential to the perfection of every work which man's ingenuity can devise. Yet the sense of *beauty* remains. Whatever be its elements, it unquestionably is there. We gaze upon the works we have wrought, from the magnificent temples of Cologne or Milan, down to the puny flower-glass upon a drawing-room table, and the very same emotions are summoned into life in our breasts of which we are conscious when we contemplate an Alpine range, or an Italian vale, or an English garden. All are beautiful, because all are expressive of truth; all express the same ideas, suggest the same associations, strike upon the same inward mysterious sense, and are typical of the same invisible spiritual powers and joys. Their difference lies in the difference between the materials of which they are fashioned, and between the wisdom and omnipotence of God and the ingenuity and humble aspirations of man.

As an example of what we must call the *narrowness* of Mr. Ruskin's ideas, we give another section on this same Lamp of Beauty, in which, as usual, he seems to mistake his own personal feelings for those of humanity in general, and with natural exaggeration lays down minute rules which make the unenthusiastic man of common sense smile.

"Must not beauty, then, it will be asked, be sought for in the forms which we associate with our every-day life? Yes, if you do it consistently, and in places where it can be calmly seen; but not if you use the beautiful form only as a mask and covering of the proper conditions and uses of things, nor if you thrust it into the places set apart for toil. Put it in the drawing-room, not into the workshop; put it upon domestic furniture, not upon tools of handicraft. All men have sense of what is right in this matter, if they would only use and apply that sense; every man knows where and how beauty gives him pleasure, if he would only ask for it when it does so, and not allow it to be forced upon him when he does not want it. Ask any one of the passengers over London Bridge at this instant whether he cares about the forms of the bronze leaves on its lamps, and he will tell you, No. Modify these forms of leaves to a less scale, and put them on his milk-jug at breakfast, and ask him whether he likes them, and he will tell you, Yes. People have no need of teaching if they could only think and speak truth, and ask for what they like and want, and for nothing else: nor can a right disposition of beauty be ever arrived at except by this common sense, and allowance for the circumstances of the time and place. It does not follow, because bronze leafage is in bad taste on the lamps of London Bridge, that it would be so on those of the Ponte della Trinità; nor, because it would be a folly to decorate the house-fronts of Gracechurch Street, that it would be equally so to adorn those of some quiet provincial town. The question of greatest external or internal decoration depends entirely on the conditions of probable repose. It was a wise feeling which made the streets of Venice so rich in external ornament, for there is no couch of rest like the gondola. So, again, there is no subject of street orna-

ment so wisely chosen as the fountain, where it is a fountain of use; for it is just there that perhaps the happiest pause takes place in the labour of the day, when the pitcher is rested on the edge of it, and the breath of the bearer is drawn deeply, and the hair swept from the forehead, and the uprightness of the form declined against the marble ledge, and the sound of the kind word or light laugh mixes with the trickle of the falling water, heard shriller and shriller as the pitcher fills. What pause is so sweet as that—so full of the depth of ancient days, so softened with the calm of pastoral solitude?"

The whole spirit of this criticism we think false and morbid. All the world are not like Mr. Ruskin, though he fancies so. We do not know in what sort of a room he loves to sit, and study, and write, and draw; but we dare say he thinks that every other studious and reflecting man upon earth has precisely the same feelings with himself with respect to slovenliness, or neatness, or bareness, or luxury of details. Why is he blind to the fact, that while many persons are insensible to every emotion of pure enjoyment while occupied in labour, with others it is a joy to mingle sensations of beauty, sweetness, and repose with the sternest and dullest toils to which man is doomed? We do not like this passionate fondness for the thorns and thistles with which life was cursed for the sin of Adam. We love the spirit of Christian peace and hope to be a ruling principle in our minds, even when busied with the most oppressive of the labours of this life of trial. If we have to do penance, or to mortify our senses, and deprive ourselves of innocent enjoyments for some definite spiritual purpose, well and good; so let it be. But when no such objects as these are in view, we would introduce the spirit of repose and pleasure at all times and in every occupation, so that whatsoever be the work of our hands, there shall be some charm for the eye ever to rest upon, and refresh us in the midst of our toils. Thousands and thousands of men and women are soothed and strengthened in the most repulsive of labours by the sight of a solitary flower smiling by their side in a humble vessel of water. Mr. Ruskin laughs at the bronze leaves on the lamps of London Bridge, and asks who cares for them. Let them be taken away, then, and let the old, cold, unornamented bars of wood and iron, which were our grandfather's *beau ideal* of a lamp-post, be substituted. In such a case there is scarcely a passenger who would not be indignant at the change, be offended with the hideous intruders, and clamour for the restoration of those decorations which woo Mr. Ruskin's regards in vain.

As we have dwelt so long on the defects of his chapter on beauty, we cannot forbear quoting its concluding paragraphs, which charmingly describe that exquisite tower in Florene, which we altogether agree with Mr. Ruskin in regarding as one of the most perfect productions of genius to which architecture has given birth.

"These characteristics [of power and beauty] occur more or less in different buildings, some in one and some in an-

other. But all together, and all in their highest possible relative degrees, they exist, as far as I know, only in one building in the world, the Campanile of Giotto at Florence. The drawing of the tracery of its upper story, which heads this chapter, rude as it is, will nevertheless give the reader some better conception of that tower's magnificence than the thin outlines in which it is usually portrayed. In its first appeal to the stranger's eye there is something unpleasing; a mingling, as it seems to him, of over-severity with over-minuteness. But let him give it time, as he should to all other consummate art. I remember well how, when a boy, I used to despise that Campanile, and think it meanly smooth and finished. But I have since lived beside it many a day, and looked out upon it from my windows by sunlight and moonlight, and I shall not soon forget how profound and gloomy appeared to me the savageness of the Northern Gothic, when I afterwards stood, for the first time, beneath the front of Salisbury. The contrast is indeed strange, if it could be quickly felt, between the rising of those grey walls out of their quiet swarded space, like dark and barren rocks out of a green lake, with their rude moulderings rough-grained shafts, and triple lights, without tracery or other ornament than the martins' nests in the height of them, and that bright, smooth, sunny surface of glowing jasper, those spiral shafts and fairy tracerries, so white, so faint, so crystalline, that their slight shapes are hardly traced in darkness on the pallor of the eastern sky, that serene height of mountain alabaster, coloured like a morning cloud, and chased like a sea shell. And if this be, as I believe it, the model and mirror of perfect architecture, is there not something to be learned by looking back to the early life of him who raised it? I said that the Power of human mind had its growth in the wilderness; much more must the love and the conception of that beauty, whose every line and hue we have seen to be, at the best, a faded image of God's daily work, and an arrested ray of some star of creation, be given chiefly in the places which He has gladdened by planting there the fir-tree and the pine. Not within the walls of Florence, but among the far-away fields of her lilies, was the child trained who was to raise that headstone of Beauty above her towers of watch and war. Remember all that he became; count the sacred thoughts with which he filled the heart of Italy; ask those who followed him what they learned at his feet; and when you have numbered his labours, and received their testimony, if it seem to you that God had verily poured out upon his servant no common nor restrained portion of his Spirit, and that he was indeed a king among the children of men, remember also that the legend upon his crown was that of David's: 'I took thee from the sheepcote, and from following the sheep.'

The ideas of the two concluding chapters, on the Lamps of Memory and Obedience, are the most artificial in Mr. Ruskin's whole volume, though they contain some of his most agreeable passages and most touching thoughts. The opening of the chapter on the Lamp of Memory is especially beautiful. We cannot, however, linger upon them, except to point out the unsatisfactory nature of Mr. Ruskin's reflections on the creation of a new style in architecture. He proposes the rigid enforcement of the rules of one definite epoch of the past, which he would have studied with all the diligence and "obedience" with which we study the rules of a dead language; and these rules he would have us follow in our buildings with the same strictness with which we strive to write Latin like Cicero, or Greek like Xenophon. Out of this absolute obedience to one good and practically serviceable style, he thinks that a new style *might* naturally arise, under

the pressure of certain possible combinations of circumstances, or through the efforts of the inward powers of genius. Whether, however, such should be the result or no, it is his conviction that by no other means can the production of a new species of true architectural construction be even a possibility.

Now, with all our knowledge of Mr. Ruskin's ignorance of history, we marvel at the obliviousness of the past which this speculation betrays. Never yet, during the whole progress of mankind, was a new art produced by such a system. Never yet did any thing better result from the method here recommended than a frigid, soulless revivalism. Mr. Ruskin's comparison of architectural study with the study of a foreign language ought, indeed, to have suggested facts to him which would have betrayed the faultiness of his theory. No new language was ever invented by the diligent study and practice of another perfect dead or strange tongue. New forms of architecture, and new forms of speech, are alike the result of a *tentative* process, and not of calm and reverent study of the past alone. In every single instance in which the history of the creation of an architectural style is known, we find precisely the same laws prevailing. We see a generation of men, energetic, laborious, and full of deep emotions and ardent aspirations, unaffectedly taking up the language or the architectural forms and fragments which actually exist in living operation around them, employing them boldly and imaginatively for the accomplishment of their own purposes, combining them, modifying them, adding to them, and developing their capacities, until at last a noble creation is called into existence, in which the past appears merged in the present, and the old seems to have vanished before the new.

Such is the history of the Romanesque styles of Europe previous to the 13th century. They sprung into life at the bidding of the same voice of energy and life which fashioned the languages of Italy, France, and Spain from out of the *débris* of the ruined classical Latin. By a similar process Gothic architecture was summoned into being, and by a similar process every subsequent variation of its rules was introduced. Thus, too, was modern Italian architecture created. It was the creature of a series of *tentative* efforts to devise *something* that should be more true, more chaste, more sensible than the monstrosities of decayed Gothic, when Gothic had corrupted itself and become a caricature. Its progress was gradual, commencing with an almost total ignorance of the laws of classical architecture, and never rigidly adopting them. The stages of its growth are similar to the periods of advance in the creation of the Italian tongue; and when it had reached maturity, it was as dissimilar to the architecture of Augustus, Diocletian, or Constantine, as the language of Tasso and

Boccaccio was unlike the language of Virgil or Pliny. The true parallel to Mr. Ruskin's scheme is to be found in the study of the ancient Latin by the classical zealots of Italy. They actually adopted the method here recommended. They studied and wrote with an idolatrous veneration for the rules of bygone days. But they created nothing. They amused themselves ; they wrote letters and verses of faultless purity ; they fancied they were speaking the voice of humanity ; but their revived Latin was a mere scholar's bubble the moment it ceased to be regarded as a means for forming the taste and disciplining the mind. Their works have gone the way of all revivalisms ; they are known to the studious ; they exist in histories ; but living man has cast them off, as he casts off the fantastic forms of a coat or a doublet when fashion calls for something new.

For ourselves, we believe that a new species of architectural art, in our present state of civilisation and knowledge, is impossible. We know the past too well to escape from thraldom to its rules. Moderate success is so easily attained, that mediocrity is our inevitable lot. We can no more create a new style of building than we can create a new language. Those who essay such a task are laughed at for their pains, and their productions are fit only to be classed with the spelling reform of the *Phonetic News*. A man who *thinks* architecturally, thinks in the language of the old Greek, or Gothic, or Italian architects. Whatever he wants to utter, a form of architectural speech, based on well-known rules, presents itself to his thoughts, and in it he must give expression to his ideas. New rules of art, and new rules of grammar, can only spring from out of the confusion of barbarism. The very world itself was formed by its divine Creator out of a chaos. First He created a formless void, and thence educed the glorious order of the visible universe. Such, too, is the history of all human arts. A high state of civilisation and information can produce nothing that is essentially new. The old mythologists peopled the firmament of stars, and the very woods and fields, with a world of imaginative beings, not only because they possessed no pure revelation

from Heaven, but because they were ignorant of the laws of astronomy and physical science. Modern unbelievers are aware that the sun is a ball of fire, at a certain measured distance from the earth, and that the planets move at so many miles per hour on their orbits ; and thus they are no more inclined to invest them with the attributes of Divinity, than to see something more than human in a locomotive engine or a steam press. The inventions of imaginative genius are impossible beneath the sway of science. In the rules of the architects of the days of Pericles and of the middle ages, we see the same kind of fixed laws which we have detected in the motions of the heavenly bodies and the chemical processes of vegetation. All is open, clear, fixed, and unchangeable. The ardent fire of life which moulded the piles of the Gothic cathedrals from out of the wrecks of an elder antiquity, is as impossible amongst us, as the enthusiasm of Columbus when he sought and found an unknown world. Every child now can tell its grandmother that the earth is shaped like an orange ; and so too every architect's clerk knows the rules on which were built the Parthenon and the Coliseum, the abbey of the English monk and the palace of the Italian noble. We cannot be young again ; with the experience of old age we become subject to its coldness and its helplessness of imagination.

We must, however, part with our author without further delay, and trust that he will not take it ill if we counsel him for the future to bestow more care on testing his theories by a larger application of them to facts, to pay more attention to history and less to his own personal feelings ; and above all, to write nothing on any theological or controversial point, until he has paid some little attention to theology and controversy. He may yet become not only a very ingenious and brilliant theoriser, but a most useful writer on questions of art of every description ; but if he continues much longer his present habits of thought and composition, he will end, we are convinced, in becoming simply prosy, parsonic, and dormiferous.

#### CLOUGH'S POEMS.

*Ambarvalia.* Poems by Thomas Burbidge and Arthur H. Clough. London, Chapman and Hall.

MR. CLOUGH's poems, which it is our intention principally to notice, and which occupy the first half of this volume, belong to that description of poetry which to ourselves is perhaps more interesting than any other. It is an every-day observation, that in all persons, more or less, but more especially in all persons of lively and keen sensibilities, there is an inward life, in which they far more truly live,

than in the external and visible one. The customs of society, the necessities of every-day duties, the hopelessness of meeting with sympathy, these and other causes conspire in giving a certain external sameness to all educated men. The devout religionist, the man of the world, and the debauchee, may unite for political or other purposes, or may meet together, if they so please, and sustain conversation on no very unequal terms. Nay, even in his domestic circle, where the Englishman especially loves to unbend, his deep-

est thoughts, those which are most of all the centre round which his whole life turns, are often still secrets; he cannot disclose them even if he would. But if he have the divine gift and publish poetry,—poetry, we mean, of that particular kind which is here in question,—then we begin to see his real self, stripped of disguises and conventionalities; then we learn what are those cherished and deeply enshrined objects, on which his heart and his imagination rest and are supported.

It is impossible that poetry of this nature shall be written at all, without thus unveiling the innermost thoughts. Many a man, indeed, will write a cut and dry *imitation* of this style, and unveil nothing except the profound unreality and sophistication of his own mind; but it requires no very deep or discerning criticism to discover such pitiful imposture, and estimate it at its proper value. We are speaking of *genuine* poetry, belonging to (what may be called) the autobiographical kind: and we say that it is of especial interest, because it discloses in a way peculiar to itself the inward belief and principles of a man; it shews us what he really feels as his *summum bonum*; it makes clear what is that standard whereby he measures himself and the world around him. In one such poet you will see, as the prevailing principle, a yearning for human sympathy; in another a thirst for keen and ecstatic enjoyments of a lower and more sensual kind; in a third, the burning ardour for intellectual attainments, for clearer knowledge as to our position in this life and our prospects in another; in a fourth, the longing for power and influence over the minds of others stands confessed; in a fifth, the benevolent love of his fellow-men; in a sixth, these several desires mixed in various proportions; and so on *ad infinitum*. And, in like manner, the devout Catholic, if he write such poetry, will expend himself in musings on the wonderful grace of God, which has followed after him for so many years of careless wandering, and has found him at last; or on the treasures of love stored in the Sacred Heart of his Saviour; or on the glories of the Queen of his affections; or on the bitter root of sin ever springing up within the soul; or on the happy prospect of future rest both from sin and suffering; or again, in lamentations on the miserable appearance presented by the sinful world, and hopes and prayers that souls may be gathered in to Christ.

All impartial persons, we are confident, will at once admit that Mr. Clough's poetry is of the real genuine kind described above, and in no way of the artificial or sophisticated sort. On the other hand, his general principle and view of things differs essentially from any one of those we have enumerated. It differs no less from those ordinarily called worldly than from the Catholic; it differs no less from the

Catholic than from those ordinarily called worldly. We think, then, it may interest our readers if we endeavour to set before them this his general view of things, and as nearly as possible in his own words. We shall make no attempt to appreciate and describe his poetical excellences, though we are inclined to place them in a very high rank; but merely to draw out what may be called the *doctrine* of these poems. Such an effort may make not an uninteresting chapter in the history of the contemporary English religious mind in general, and in particular of one school which appears at present to have considerable influence, the school founded by the late Dr. Arnold; for Mr. Clough, as is well known, was one of Dr. Arnold's ablest and most cherished pupils. It may be added, that Mr. Clough has been for some years a Fellow of Oriel College; that during his residence at Oxford he has published one or two pamphlets of a practical tendency (one on the importance and the best method of diminishing undergraduate expenditure, another on the duty of subscribing largely for the relief of Irish distress), which are most highly spoken of; that he has ceased from residence (we believe) without taking orders; and is now the Principal of an Unitarian establishment in connexion with University College, London—a position, however, we imagine, which does not necessarily imply that he has himself adopted Unitarian opinions.

We cannot make an in every way fairer beginning of our extracts, than the first poem in the volume; of its great beauty we suppose there can be no second opinion.

The human spirits saw I on a day,  
Sitting and looking each a different way;  
And, hardly tasking, subtly questioning,  
Another spirit went around the ring  
To each and each: and as he ceased his say,  
Each after each, I heard them singly sing—  
Some querulously high, some softly, sadly low—  
We know not,—what avails to know?  
We know not,—wherefore need we know?—  
This answer gave they still unto his suing:  
We know not, let us do as we are doing.

Dost thou not know that these things only seem?—  
I know not, let me dream my dream.  
Are dust and ashes fit to make a treasure?—  
I know not, let me take my pleasure.  
What shall avail the knowledge thou hast sought?—  
I know not, let me think my thought.  
What is the end of strife?—  
I know not, let me live my life.  
How many days or e'er thou mean'st to move?—  
I know not, let me love my love.  
Were not things old once new?—  
I know not, let me do as others do.  
And when the rest were overpast,  
I know not, I will do my duty, said the last.

Thy duty do? rejoined the voice,  
Ah, do it, do it, and rejoice!  
But shalt thou then, when all is done,  
Enjoy a love, embrace a beauty  
Like these, that may be seen and won  
In life, whose course will then be run;  
Or wilt thou be where there is none?—  
*I know not, I will do my duty.*

And taking up the word, around, above, below—  
Some querulously high, some softly, sadly low—  
We know not, sang they all, nor ever need we know !  
We know not, sang they, what avails to know ?—  
Whereat the questioning spirit, some short space,  
Though unabashed, stood quiet in his place.  
But as the echoing chorus died away,  
And to their dreams the rest returned apace,  
By the one spirit I saw him kneeling low,  
And in a silvery whisper heard him say :  
*Truly, thou knowst not, and thou needst not know ;*  
Hope only, hope thou, and believe alway ;  
*I also know not, and I need not know :*  
Only with questionings pass I to and fro,  
Perplexing these that sleep, and in their folly  
Imbreeding doubt and sceptic melancholy ;  
Till that their dreams deserting, they with me  
*Come all to this true ignorance and thee.*

This principle, viz. of doing our duty for duty's sake, may almost be called the key-note of the whole series, and has evidently complete possession of the author's mind. It is not necessary to say how far higher and nobler a principle this is than any merely worldly or merely interested standard of action ; and yet, as held by Mr. Clough at least, it does not contain all that might be desired. Of course, one who has unhappily not been educated in any creed in which he can have *faith*, must begin by taking his conscience for his one authority; but ought he to expect that he shall end there? He knows that there are various voices in the world purporting to be immediate revelations from God; is he justified in *taking for granted* that none of them are really so? This is one element which we greatly desiderate in Mr. Clough:—a strong sense of the *a priori* probability that among these alleged revelations some one is true, and of the fearful irreverence towards God which is implied in passing over their claims without examination;—an anxious desire thence resulting to discover if possible that one truth;—and a pious purpose to submit his mind to it when found. He seems quite contented, as the passages we have put into italics especially shew, to remain in darkness all his life.

Mr. Clough, however, is very far from implying by the term "duty" merely that particular code of morality which one happens to have been taught; for he has written a spirited poem (pp. 39, 40) against so miserable a notion, and in favour of giving full heed to "the questing and the guessing of the soul's own soul within." That the conscience can by degrees clear itself more and more of error, and find for itself more and more of moral truth, he admits; that there may possibly be a divine fabric of both moral and supernatural truth, requiring the implicit submission of intellect and will, and that, if there be such, it probably admits of being recognised—this he does not so much *deny*, as ignore the very question.

But, returning to this principle of the authority of conscience, is not this beautiful?

Are there not, then, two musics unto men?—  
One loud and bold and coarse,  
And overpowering still perforce

All tone and tune beside ;  
Yet, in despite its pride,  
Only of fumes of foolish fancy bred,  
And sounding solely in the sounding head :  
The other, soft and low,  
Stealing whence we not know,  
Painfully heard, and easily forgot,  
With pauses oft and many a silence strange,  
(And silent oft it seems, when silent it is not)—  
Revivals too of unexpected change :  
Haply thou think'st 'twill never be begun ;  
Or that 't has come, and been, and past away ;  
Yet turn to other none,—  
Turn not, oh, turn not thou !  
But listen, listen, listen,—if haply be heard it may ;  
Listen, listen, listen,—is it not sounding now ?

Yea, and as thought of some beloved friend,  
By death or distance parted, will descend,  
Severing, in crowded rooms ablaze with light,  
As by a magic screen, the seer from the sight,  
(Palsying the nerves that intervene  
The eye and central sense between ;)  
So may the ear,  
Hearing, not hear,  
Though drums do roll, and pipes and cymbals ring ;  
So the bare conscience of the better thing—  
Unfelt, unseen, unimagined, all unknown—  
May fix the entranced soul mid multitudes alone.

And this?

And can it be, you ask me, that a man,  
With the strong arm, the cunning faculties,  
And keenest forethought gifted, and, within,  
Longings unspeakable, the lingering echoes  
Responsive to the still-still-calling voice  
Of God Most High,—should disregard all these,  
And half-employ all those, for such an aim  
As the light sympathy of successful wit,  
Vain titillation of a moment's praise ?  
Why, so is good no longer good, but *crime*  
*Our truest, best advantage, since it lifts us*  
*Out of the stifling gas of men's opinion*  
*Into the vital atmosphere of Truth,*  
*Where He again is visible, though in anger.*

Nor can we bring ourselves to omit the following (though it bears less directly on matters of controversy), as being about the most beautiful specimen of blank verse we have happened to see in any modern writer :

Light words they were, and lightly, falsely said ;  
She heard them, and she started,—and she rose,  
As in the act to speak ; the sudden thought  
And unconsidered impulse led her on.  
In act to speak she rose : but with the sense  
Of all the eyes of that mixed company  
Now suddenly turned upon her, some with age  
Hardened and dulled, some cold and critical,  
Some in whom vapours of their own conceit—  
As moist malarious mists the heavenly stars—  
Still blotted out their good, the best at best  
By frivolous laugh and prate conventional  
All too untuned for all she thought to say—  
With such a thought the mantling blood to her cheek  
Flushed up, and o'er-flushed itself, blank night her soul  
Made dark, and in her all her purpose swooned.  
She stood as if for sinking. Yet anon,  
With recollections clear, august, sublime,  
Of God's great truth, and right immutable,  
Which, as obedient vassals, to her mind  
Came summoned of her will, in self-negation  
Quelling her troubulous earthly consciousness,  
She queen'd it o'er her weakness. At the spell  
Back rolled the ruddy tide, and leaves her cheek  
Paler than erst, and yet not ebbs so far  
But that one pulse of one indignant thought  
Might hurry it hither in flood. So as she stood  
She spoke. God in her spoke, and made her heard.

We wish we had room to quote part of a very interesting series from p. 41 to p. 49, called by the author somewhat unintelligibly,

"Blank misgivings of a creature moving about in worlds not realised;" which present in fact the utterance, in various shapes, of the most touching repentance and self-abasement for past faults and unrealities: but it is difficult to make a selection, and the whole is too long for our pages.

There are two poems in which the author expresses an earnest conviction, that minds which honestly act under a sense of duty are really holding the same course, even when they appear to differ most widely. There is a sense in which, and qualifications under which, this is true; but in our humble judgment, there is a more obvious and more ordinary sense in which it is most false. The first of these poems occurs at p. 9; the second at p. 50 is of such great poetical merit, that we shall quote it.

As ships, becalmed at eve, that lay,  
With canvass drooping, side by side,  
Two towers of sail at dawn of day  
Are scarce, long leagues apart, despaired;

When fell the night, upsprang the breeze,  
And all the darkling hours they plied,  
Nor dreamt but each the self-same seas  
By each was cleaving, side by side:

E'en so—but why the tale reveal  
Of those, whom, year by year unchanged,  
Brief absence joined anew to feel,  
Astounded, soul from soul estranged.

At dead of night their sails were filled,  
And onward each rejoicing steered—  
Ah, neither blame, for neither willed,  
Or wist, what first with dawn appeared!

To veer, how vain! On, onward strain,  
Brave barks! In light, in darkness too,  
Through winds and tides one compass guides—  
To that, and your own selves, be true.

But O blithe breeze! and O great seas,  
Though ne'er, that earliest parting past,  
On your wide plain they join again,  
Together lead them home at last.

One port, methought, alike they sought,  
One purpose hold where'er they fare,—  
O bounding breeze, O rushing seas!  
At last, at last, unite them there!

The most singular poem of the whole, theologically speaking, is that from p. 23 to p. 28. In this he is speaking of the *atheistical* tendency of speculation at the present day, the tendency to represent that

Earth goes by chemic forces; Heaven's  
A Mecanique Celeste,  
And heart and mind of human kind  
A watch-work like the rest;

and compares this state of speculation to the cloud of darkness on Mount Sinai, while Moses was within, communing with God. He bids us to be quite confident that some Moses will come from behind the cloud in due time, if we will only be content to wait, and will "bring some worthy thing for waiting souls to see; some sacred word that he hath heard." In the mean time the great evil he fears is, lest humble souls, seeing the evil tendency of this free speculation, should fall back on some one of the old forms of religion; forms which he re-

spectfully parallels to the *Golden Calf* worshipped by the Israelites during Moses' absence. As yet, up to the nineteenth century, we know nothing of real religion: existing creeds are but golden calves, and all true reasoning seems to lead towards atheism: only let us have patience, however, he says, and something better will at last come. It quite baffles comprehension how a thinker, in many respects so humble and so profound as Mr. Clough, can be blind to the strange, the absolutely incredible audacity, of such a mode of thinking. What does he know of all existing creeds, what pains has he taken to acquaint himself with their claims and their nature, what amount of confidence does he claim for his own judgment, that he thus quietly and self-complacently sneers at them as golden calves? What hope can there be of his arriving at religious truth, while such is his demeanour?

But the most painful criticism we have to make is yet to come. We have always had deep misgivings as to the ultimate result of the principles held by Dr. Arnold and the Protestant world generally in regard to marriage; of the blasphemies they utter against the beauty and the merit of virginity; of the allegations they make as to what they are pleased to call the unnaturalness of Catholic morality. These principles of theirs, even as they hold them, in regard to the sacredness of *nature*, are indeed hateful and anti-Christian enough; but we have always feared, that when heartily embraced and fairly carried out to consequences by ardent and consistent thinkers, they would assume a shape from which such men as Dr. Arnold would recoil in dismay. It is with deep regret that we cite these poems in corroboration of this misgiving. In the mere matter of language, and as judged only by the conventionalities of society, there are passages bordering most closely (to say the least) on the indelicate: but as to the matter itself, we will only say, that thoughts and feelings, to which, were a good Catholic so unhappy as to give consent, he would be off at once to his confessor in anguish of soul, are here recorded as mere phenomena, with no hint of regret or shame. We allude especially to the poem in p. 52, called "*Natura naturans*"; but the following poem also is not free from blame on the same score. And this fact is the more significant, from the company in which Mr. Clough's poems appear; for as to Mr. Burbridge's,—it will be enough to say, that the latter gentleman uses the phrase, "*the sacred fire of youth*" (p. 94), openly and undisguisedly, to express the feeling of sensual passion in a married man.

And now our readers have some general idea of the ethical tone of Mr. Clough's poems. To examine into this ethical tone, to endeavour, e.g. to decide how far on the whole it is

hopeful or the reverse in regard to his chance of ultimately reaching to the truth; or how much is praiseworthy and how much reprehensible;—this would lead us to far too great a length, even if the task were within the compass of our ability. On their *poetical* merit, again, it is needless to speak; for the quotations we have given will enable our readers

to judge for themselves. So much only we may say, that, to judge from our own experience, these poems possess one characteristic of high excellence, viz. that they grow greatly on the mind by repeated perusal, and that a first reading does them no sort of justice.

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#### THE WATER-CURE AT HOME.

*The Domestic Practice of Hydropathy.* By Edward Johnson, M.D. London, Simpkin and Marshall.

To the uninitiated there is something awful in the thought of hydropathy in one's own house. One trembles at the idea of the washing, drinking, and packing mania—such as it is vulgarly supposed to be—seizing upon fathers and mothers, and converting every other bed-room and sitting-room into a vast bathing machine for the alternate torment and gratification of the sufferers and the amateur practitioners. A score of bottles and pill-boxes, together with an ounce-measuring glass, a set of weights and scales, and a hip-bath, has hitherto been supposed to constitute the whole *battery* of the household doctor. But if the entire apparatus of shallow bath, sitz bath, plunging-bath, vapour-bath, head-bath, foot-bath, blanket-packing, wet-sheet-packing, compress, and *douche*, is to be introduced among our Lares and Penates, imagination stands aghast at the prospect; and we feel much the same as the unfortunate mortal in the play, when he heard the apothecary thus instruct the nurse in the treatment to which she was to subject him,—“Nurse, make the patient take all the pills, and swallow all the draughts; bleed him freely in both arms and both legs; apply cataplasms to the palms of the hands and the soles of the feet, and blisters *indiscriminately* all over the person.”

We have been greatly relieved by Dr. E. Johnson's book, on finding that he is very far from meditating any such onslaught upon our firesides; that a very moderate addition to our stock of washing utensils is all that is needed for a rational domestic hydropathy; and that it would be wholly superfluous for the inhabitants of towns to agree with a water company for a larger supply of the pure (or impure) element than they now receive. In fact, Dr. Johnson recommends people to practise the water-cure with great caution upon themselves; that is, without previous medical advice; while there are some features in its system which are wholly impracticable under one's own roof. He is, as it appears to us, extremely rational and fair in his application

of the remedy; being as far removed from the practitioners who denounce all drugs, and who would turn a man's inside into a sort of reservoir for water, as he is from those who laugh at hydropathy as a mere quack device, unworthy the attention of a well-educated physician. An extract will shew the caution with which he applies the system; and we quote it the more readily, because it bears upon an opinion on which he urgently insists in many parts of his book, and of the truth of which we entertain a very strong conviction.

“In the practical division of this work I have endeavoured to point out, and to put the public on their guard against, excess of treatment—that is, treatment disproportioned to the capabilities of the constitution and the requirements and nature of the disease. I only mention the subject now, because I have received this morning (February 15th, 1849), a letter from a young patient of mine, who left me because I would not give him treatment *enough*. To use his own expression, I did not ‘knock him about half enough.’ So he went where he got ‘knocked about’ sufficiently. An extract or two from his melancholy letter will shew what have been the results of the ‘knocking about’ which he so much desired, and which, at last, he obtained. The words put in italics are those which are underscored in the letter. When he left me, he was a fine, tall, strong young man, with nothing the matter with him, beyond a somewhat weakened condition of the brain, arising from close and continued mathematical study at Cambridge. He writes to me thus: ‘I beg to thank you for the prospectus: I regard myself as partially a martyr to hydropathy. I derived great benefit from *your* treatment, and this induced me to try • • • • • and, after *nine months* of the most patient and *scrupulous* adoption of hydropathy, I left the place *very* much worse than when I first came to you. To give you an idea of what I *was* (when he left that place) ‘I will, in a word or two, tell you what I am after more than six months of slow improvement’ (that is, *since* he left it). ‘I cannot sit upright for half an hour *quietly*, without great discomfort. I have *heat, fulness, and pain* throughout the whole length of my spine at intervals. My eyes are *still* somewhat blood-shot after sleeping or reading; my bladder is irritable; I have occasional tightness and *hot flashings* across the forehead; and, added to all these, the *former* fulness and weight in the cerebellum’ (back part of the brain). ‘I think, candidly, that *you* partially mistook my case, but nevertheless I left you, I believe, fast progressing towards health. The fons mali’ (the seat of the disease) ‘was the stomach, and brain *slightly*—then the spinal cord—then the brain. This, however, is merely *my* opinion. At • • • • • I was *almost* literally walked and *soaked* into my grave, or into organic disease, if that is not already the case.’

“The most curious part of this letter is the pertinacity with which the writer still clings to the notion

that the seat of his malady is in his *stomach*. There seems to be some witchcraft in this word *stomach*. He has never in the whole course of his life indulged in stomach intemperance, but has always lived plainly and most temperately as it regards eating and drinking. But, for fully one half of his entire life, he *has* indulged in brain intemperance—he has been an industrious student. While with me I treated him, too, for brain disorder; and he acknowledges that under that treatment he was '*fast progressing towards health*.' After he left me he was treated otherwise, and the result was (according to his own account), that he narrowly escaped with his life, and is now a mere wreck of his former self. Besides all this, it will be observed that, in his letter, all the symptoms he enumerates, except one, are actually seated in the head or spine—heat, fulness, and pain throughout the whole length of my spine; eyes somewhat blood-shot after sleeping or reading; tightness and hot flashings across my forehead; fulness and weight in the cerebellum' (back part of the brain). Throughout the whole of his letter there is not one word about his stomach. And yet, by some strange fatality, some extraordinary crookedness of reasoning, the circumstantial evidence which he himself details—and which is strong enough, in a court of law, to condemn a criminal to death—seems insufficient to disabuse his mind of the deep-rooted absurdity that the head and front of the offence is, or was, all in his stomach. One would think his brains had escaped out of his skull, and were now lodged in his stomach.

"And this leads me to introduce and reiterate here a caution which I have also urged in the body of the book: against the lavish and continued application of cold water to the *spine*. The spinal cord is a small and delicate organ, and infinitely more easily and injuriously chilled than the brain; while the office which it serves in the vital economy is of equal importance. I have seen already much mischief done by chilling the spinal cord too much."

The reader will have observed that Dr. Johnson here strenuously opposes the common idea that disorder of the brain is more usually caused by the disorder of the stomach than the reverse. In other places, also, he combats the same idea with considerable force and skill; and, we must confess, with what seem unanswerable arguments. As his view is one of considerable importance to all persons engaged in *head-work* of all kinds, and therefore concerns a large number of the readers of the *Rambler*, we shall make no apology for quoting what he says at length.

"All modern writers agree that indigestion is a disorder especially belonging to an advanced state of civilised life. It must depend, therefore, upon that peculiarity, whatever it be, which distinguishes advanced civilisation from a more primitive condition.

"This peculiarity undoubtedly consists in the greater amount of brain-work and brain-excitement which results from a highly artificial state of society. The employment of mankind is more intellectual—there is more study, more head-work of every sort; more anxiety; a keener sense of the moral responsibilities of all kinds; the sensibilities have a keener edge, and the moral emotions are, therefore, more easily and more frequently excited, and are more intensely felt; there is more pride; more envy, hatred, and malice; more ambition; more competition; more every thing in the world to harass, worry, distress, excite, and depress the brain and nervous system.

"All these are causes which are well known, and universally acknowledged to be capable of producing diseased conditions of the brain. They are acknowledged to be causes which sometimes produce insanity, and other well-defined brain-diseases. It must be re-

membered also, that the same advanced state of civilisation which gives rise to these causes of brain and nervous disease, also gives rise to a luxurious, sedentary, in-door, and enfeebling manner of life, which makes the brain and nervous system more tender, and therefore more easily affected by these injurious influences.

"Now, these moral causes are causes which act immediately upon the brain and nerves—they cannot possibly act immediately upon the stomach. The brain and nerves are the only organs which are capable of being influenced, in the first instance, by moral impressions. They are the only organs capable of perceiving moral causes.

"But it is admitted on all hands that indigestion is chiefly produced by causes which are entirely moral, such as anxiety of mind, protracted grief, intense study, moral excitement, exhausting pleasures, &c.

"Now, since it is acknowledged that these causes can and do act upon the brain injuriously, and cannot act upon the stomach at all, otherwise than through the brain and nerves—since it is admitted that these are among the most frequent causes of indigestion—since it is avowed that indigestion may be produced by disease in any remote organ, between which and the stomach there exists any sympathy—and since none will deny that there is a very striking sympathy between the stomach and brain—it seems to me that those who admit all this cannot do otherwise than admit also that indigestion, whenever it does depend upon moral causes (as all allow that it most commonly does), must necessarily depend upon disease of the brain—since the brain is the only organ upon which these causes can exert any immediate influence.

"Here, then, we recognise a set of influences which we know to be in constant operation upon the brain and nerves of those particular classes of persons who are most subject to dyspepsia; we know that these influences can, because we are constantly seeing that they do, produce diseases of the brain, as, for instance, insanity; we know also that the brain cannot be diseased without producing more or less of disturbance in the stomach, because we see that the functions of the stomach are disturbed whenever the brain suffers under any of those diseases peculiar to that organ; and that the same symptoms of indigestion, as they are called, are then manifested as in instances of pure dyspepsia, although in conjunction with others of a more decisive character.

"On the other hand, if it be presumed that the diseased state of parts which produces functional disorders of the stomach is situated in that organ itself, then we find ourselves in this difficulty, viz. that we are unacquainted with any causes (where the stomach has never been abused by intemperate eating or drinking) which are capable of influencing that organ in such an especial manner as to set up disease within it, which, after enduring for years, yet leaves no trace behind it after death.

"This last observation will not apply to the brain. For, since the healthful impressions made on the brain by moral causes are totally inappreciable by our senses, it is nothing wonderful that their morbid impressions should also be inappreciable.

"Since moral causes can only influence the stomach, in any manner, by first influencing the brain, how can they influence the stomach in that one particular manner called a morbid manner, but by first influencing the brain in a morbid manner? But to 'influence the brain in a morbid manner' is only another form of words signifying to establish a 'morbid state of the brain,' and a 'morbid state of the brain' is only another phrase for 'disease of the brain.'

"Besides all this, we observe, that indigestion is a disease not only peculiar to an artificial state of society, but more especially, almost exclusively, peculiar to those classes of persons whose lives, where all are artificial, are the most artificial—the middle and upper classes.

"Another fact, which cannot fail to strike the think-

ing reader of medical works, is this, viz. that all those symptoms which are enumerated as indicative of indigestion or disordered function of stomach, by all writers on the subject, will be found stated by the same writers as being, amongst others, the symptoms of well-ascertained and recognised diseases of the brain; and the same causes mentioned as causes of indigestion, he will also find mentioned as causes of some one or other of the ordinary brain diseases. Let him consult the best authorities under the several heads of apoplexy, epilepsy, palsy, St. Vitus's dance, insanity, and other brain affections, and there is scarcely a single symptom of indigestion which he will not find mentioned as also indicative of one or more of the brain diseases. \* \* \*

" Excessive eating and drinking are mentioned as amongst the causes of indigestion. Undoubtedly, these are capable of producing it. But excessive eating and drinking, drunkenness and gluttony, are amongst the vices of a bygone age, whereas indigestion is more prevalent than ever. We are perpetually meeting with cases of indigestion, moreover, in persons who we know have, all their lives, lived in the most temperate and wholesome manner, so far as regards eating and drinking.

" There is, indeed, very often, but little distinction or difference between that sort of disease called indigestion, and that popularly termed nervousness. Every dyspeptic is more or less nervous, and every nervous person is more or less dyspeptic.

" The truth is, that what are called dyspepsia, nervousness, and determination of blood to the head, are little more than different phases of the same diseased condition. And one or other of the more important brain-affections is the natural goal towards which they all have a less or greater tendency.

" It is extremely difficult, however, to convince patients themselves that the true seat of disease is not in

the stomach. They very naturally imagine, not being conversant with such matters, that the disease must be in that organ in which the symptoms are felt."

From Dr. Johnson's preliminary remarks, we gather that the efficacy of the water treatment, as a powerful means of cure for a large number of diseases, is gradually forcing itself upon the conviction of many medical men of the highest attainments. In truth, considering that it is a fact, now ascertained by microscopic examination, that the little tubes called the pores of a man's skin, if laid end to end, would make one tube *twenty-eight miles* in length, so multitudinous is their number; and further, that through these tubes, three quarters, or more, of the whole of what we eat and drink passes out into the air, there needs little proof to shew that no medical treatment can really strike at the *seat* of disease which does not preserve these myriads of ducts in a state of healthy purity and energetic action. We cannot, however, afford more remarks upon Dr. Johnson's volume; but may safely recommend it as a judicious exposition of the effects of hydropathy, so far as they are known, and of directions for its application, so far as it has yet been made a matter of scientific experiment and observation.

#### SHORT NOTICES.

*The Vesper Psalter: containing the Eight Psalm Tones, with their several Endings; the Vesper Psalms for Sundays and Festivals, and the Magnificat, pointed for Chanting to each of the above Tones; followed by the Order for the Vespers of Sunday and the Office of Compline, with the Musical Notation. The whole accompanied with an English Translation.* London, Burns.

*Vesper Psalter: Organ Accompaniments: containing the Eight Psalm Tones, with their Festal and Ferial Mediations, their various Endings, &c.* By John Lambert. Burns.

As we are not at all times entirely agreed with Mr. Lambert on the subject of Plain Chant, we have the more gratification in being able to express our cordial thanks for the zeal which has induced him to bring out these two publications, and for the judgment and skill they throughout display. We truly sympathise with him in his detestation of half-modernised Gregorian music, which we ever desire to hear either wholly unchanged in its melody, or else thoroughly modernised by being merely taken as a *subject* for contrapuntal treatment, as we find it in the works of Palestrina and the old Italian masters, and of the great Protestant musicians, Handel, Bach, and Samuel Wesley. The wretched, drawling, and effeminate strains which have unfortunately become so nearly universal in English Catholic churches and chapels, and which usurp the name of chants, are as unsatisfactory to the most highly cultivated musical ear as to the most untaught and simple. They are to be classed with what we call *twaddle* in writing, and with the "washy

*virtues*" of Sir Joshua Reynolds in New College Chapel, Oxford. The old melodies—we speak especially of the tones for the Psalms—are full of a rugged, solemn, and majestic grandeur, which admirably symbolises the Christian spirit of self-denial, mortification, and heroic energy, as the masterpieces of more modern harmony express the love, the magnificence, and the profound thought which are even more characteristic of the Catholic religion. And any alteration in their notes, or any harmonising in the organ accompaniment, which deprives them of their peculiar sentiment, in order to adapt them to the current of sound to which modern science has accustomed our ears, is so far a destruction of their life and meaning, and is, we are persuaded, one of the chief hindrances which has hitherto prevented the advance of congregational chanting in this country.

In the Accompaniments before us, Mr. Lambert has retained the melodies in all their purity, while the harmonies are constructed upon the ancient system, or rather, we should say, upon that system which the ancients would have followed, had they possessed the science and experience of later ages. In other words, the progressions of the chords are as nearly as possible what modern cultivation requires, without the sacrifice of the laws of the ancient scale of single sounds. We trust that every Catholic organist will avail himself of Mr. Lambert's labours, and while he employs his harmonies, will at the same time lay to heart what Mr. Lambert has said in his preface respecting the spirit which ought to animate those who, by their command of the organ,

have the power either to assist in no slight degree the devotions of the people, or to an equal extent to secularise and torment them. The preface throughout, though we differ from some of its views, is well worth a careful perusal.

The *Vesper Psalter*, as its title states, contains all the Vesper Psalms, marked for chanting to all the tones; and though they are thus repeated several times, the price of the book is so low that few choirs will be unable to purchase it. It includes, also, every thing necessary for singing both Vespers and Compline in the Plain Chant. Both works are eminently useful ones.

*Motets, Hymns, &c. for Church Choirs.*

Part II. Burns.

THIS Second Part contains compositions by Baini, Palestrina, Felice Anerio, Handel, and Casali. They are of the same excellent character as the motets in the first Part, which we noticed on its appearance, though with a fresh variety in styles; and are precisely such compositions as please the general ear, while they are sufficiently ecclesiastical in character to satisfy those more severe critics, who, like the editor of the Plain-Chant books just noticed, are willing to employ modern music in addition to the old Gregorian. They are simple and easy of execution, requiring no extraordinary compass of voice or professional skill; and, like all works which unite pleasing melodies to rich and varied harmonies, can be sung with effect both by a choir of half-a-dozen singers, or by a chorus of eighty or a hundred.

*The Holy Way of the Cross, in XIV. Stations; engraved from the Frescoes of Führich in the new Church of St. John at Vienna, by A. Petrah; with Descriptions by M. Terklau.* Regensburg, Manz. London, Hering and Remington.

We know of no series of engravings of the "Sta-

tions of the Cross" to be compared with Führich's masterly frescoes. The engravings from them are now complete, and take their place among the best works of the modern German school. There is a vigour and reality in Führich's conceptions which confer on them that dramatic truth and power which we sometimes miss in the pictures of the ablest of the artists of Düsseldorf and Munich. Aiming, too consciously perhaps, at the production of a positive devotional impression, and cultivating to the highest the symbolical and mystic spirit even in their representations of the actual events of Scripture, they not unfrequently fall into tameness and stiffness, and scarcely escape the reproach of occasionally prudery and posture-drawing. Führich himself unites a thorough perception of the objective reality of the incidents he portrays to a deep sense of its spiritual character, and knows how to embody in his compositions those subordinate accessories which quicken the emotions of the spectator in an extraordinary degree. Thus, where our blessed Lord falls prostrate beneath the weight of the cross, he paints a savage dog howling at Him, as a symbol of the dogs in human form who were his deadliest foes. In the "deposition," one arm of the body of the Lord is stretched around St. John, while the head rests upon the shoulder of the Blessed Virgin, in a posture which, though it seems the result of chance, beautifully expresses the relationship of the mother and the beloved disciple to Him whose lifeless form they are tending.

There is naturally some little inequality in so complete a series; the figure of Pilate washing his hands, for instance, is singularly poor. But for the most part they are admirable and powerful works, and, we should suppose, very faithfully rendered by the engraver.

## Correspondence.

### THE OFFERTORY.

*To the Editor of the Rambler.*

MY DEAR SIR,—I have read with much interest a paper in the *Rambler* for June, on the subject of the Offertory. In its general scope, and in the principles on which its remarks are based, I cordially agree; and in venturing to dissent from one or two of its practical suggestions, I have no other pretension to place myself on a level with the writer than such as is derived from some of that clerical experience which he, with so much candour and straightforwardness, altogether disclaims.

But as I must plead experience in one or two points against the views of the writer, it is but fair that I should also plead it, where I can, in his support. Let me say, then, that in no respect do I more entirely follow him than in the opinion that a *partial* or a *brief* trial of the offertory plan is pretty sure, as a general rule, to prove a complete failure. It is certain, as a matter of fact on which you may rely, that a church or chapel must start, *from the first*, with a profession of generosity and disinterestedness towards the poor, and frame all its arrangements in such a spirit as that the sincerity of their profession shall

never be justly called in question. Once let a church get a bad name, and years perhaps may not be sufficient to place it on the footing on which it might have started, in the first instance, and proceeded with success. Even a total change in the right direction, which should have to encounter the prejudice of a previous course of opposite policy, would, I believe, be attended with no very apparent, certainly with no very speedy, benefits; and this proves, on the one hand, how slow we clergy should be to build any conclusions upon the failure of such abrupt or fitful efforts; on the other, how slow our friends outside should be in imputing cowardice or want of zeal to our dread of venturing on rash experiments. But so it is. The great objects of the offertory certainly cannot be effected by *halves*; and I believe that in every case the attempt will be found a complete failure, where *any* money, for *any* occasion, or under *any* pretext, is exacted at the door as a condition of entrance into the church. The system of barter is one, and the system of generosity is another; either I believe will bring money to a chapel, though (in the end) the latter by far the most; but the union of both, like most half measures, proves a certain disappointment,

because people who have been already taxed at the door will either refuse at the offertory, or, if compelled out of shame to give their trifling contribution, will be apt next time to go either to a chapel where they are generously dealt with, or to one where, having given the price of admission once for all at the door, they are afterwards permitted to rest without the inconvenient interruption of a bag or a plate thrust in their face.

Again: where freedom of admission is but the exception to a general rule, it is not found favourable, as might at first be expected, to the offertory; because it is looked upon, not so much as the result of a generous impulse on the part of the governing body, which should be met by a corresponding liberality, but rather as an opportunity of saving the shilling for the next demand.

It must be acknowledged, then, that the sudden and entire adoption of the offertory system in any of our existing churches or chapels, would involve an amount of faith in a great principle so nearly akin to imprudence as to forbid the expectation that it will generally be attempted. I do not hesitate to avow my own conviction, that without some sufficient guarantee against loss, or some extraordinary conjuncture of favourable circumstances, it would be even wrong to attempt it.

Here, then, is the difficulty. A complete though abrupt change might involve a church or chapel in bankruptcy; yet, as we have seen, a change which is not thorough will be of no use.

It is therefore, as I think, in *new* establishments that the experiment must be tried. I deeply and bitterly lament that in any recent instance, where a church has been opened, the opportunity of making this fresh start has been lost, so that it cannot easily or speedily be recovered. But, at any rate, I do hope that we have now seen, or shall soon see, the last of these most odious exactations for performing acts of duty or devotion; and that whatever may be decided with respect to the "letting of seats" (about which I have, I confess, a less strong opinion), no restriction whatever may in future cases be placed upon the *admission* (to any Mass, High or Low, or to any other religious function or act of devotion whatever) of any decently conducted person, who chooses to demand that admission, to the House of God, which is just as much his *right* as the air he breathes.

But on one or two points of detail I feel differently from the writer in the *Rambler*, and these differences I wish to state with the same openness which I have already used. When our system is contrasted with that which prevails abroad, it ought to be remembered that, on the Continent, the payment for *seats* is, as far as I know, universal. Every one who has been in France or Belgium remembers how punctually the *sous* is exacted for the chair. The points in which the churches abroad may be favourably contrasted with ours, are, first, as to the freedom of *admission* into them; secondly, as to the absence of all distinction between the different classes of worshippers. But every one who requires the convenience of a seat, or kneeling place, is, as far as I know, expected to pay. And I confess that my own views of ecclesiastical propriety would be satisfied far beyond my expectations, and (under actual circumstances) to the extent

of my wishes, could I see the foreign method strictly carried out in our own country. Personally I feel a great preference for *chairs* over benches. They are movable, and they give to a church that air of freedom and openness which appears to me so precisely to symbolise the character of the Catholic religion. But I know that practical men amongst us have a strong feeling against chairs, as "unsuitable to England"; and as they are persons who would not use that ambiguous phrase in its offensive sense, I should be disposed to listen to their objections, though still not without a suspicion that the objection proceeds upon a mistaken view of the character and intention of a place of Catholic worship.

But now as to the mixing up of rich and poor. Here I think that, for want of experience, your writer has understated real difficulties. The difficulties to which I allude are such as the introduction of chairs (if that be really feasible) would obviate, and this is one of my reasons for wishing to see them introduced. But the Catholic poor of England are, according to my observation, so far less cleanly than the poor abroad, that I cannot put the cases parallel. The dirt which our poor contract is from the nature of the habitations they occupy, many of them teeming with vermin. Now, looking to the delicate habits and feelings in which our upper classes are educated, I for one would be no party to exposing them in church to any danger of *contact* with our poor under such circumstances. We have no right to look among ordinary Catholics for the virtue of the Saints,—at any rate, if we do, we shall not find it,—and I protest that nothing less than the virtue of Saints will enable a person of over-refined and sensitive feelings, not habituated, as priests are, to such trials, to conquer the repugnance which cannot fail to be created by the proximity of our squalid poor.

Supposing, then, that *chairs* are really out of the question, I see no alternative, under existing circumstances, but in a separation of classes. The real point to be gained is merely this: not that the rich and *very* poor (or squalid) should sit together, but that they should sit in parts of the church *equally* advantageous towards seeing, hearing, praying, &c. Thus, if your well-dressed classes were to occupy one aisle, why not fill the corresponding one with poor? or if there be but one, why not let your different classes occupy different sides of it? Again, no church ought to be *blocked up* with seats, in such a way as not to leave ample space for *kneeling on the floor*. The very poor do not care for seats or cushions at all; they are never happier than when, apart from all these appliances of comfort (which the circumstances of the rich really make almost necessities to them), they can go down on their knees on the hard pavement before the Blessed Sacrament, or the Crucifix, or an image of our Lady. What the poor want (as far as my experience goes) is not a seat, or a kneeling-place, but *a good sight of the priest at the altar*. Nowhere, even on the Continent, have I seen any thing more thoroughly Catholic than some of our *week-day* evening services at St. George's, such as the "Stations" during Lent, or the Litanies and Benediction in the Month of Mary. The poor (admitted without any payment whatever) have free access to every part of the church; and beautiful and refreshing it is to see them kneeling on the pavement close to the steps of the side chapels, first saying the

Rosary, or responding to the Litanies at the chapel of our Blessed Lady; then, as the priest with his attendants moves to the altar of the Blessed Sacrament, following in his train, and crowding at the gates of that most beautiful of sanctuaries, to drink in the abundance of the Benediction which awaits them. The same sight is often to be witnessed here in a morning at the Masses of our Confraternities, and on other popular occasions; you may see the aged "Anna," the widow of fourscore, who departs not from the temple so long as it is open to receive her, with her crutches lying at her side, bending low to catch the priest's blessing, as he passes to and from the altar; and the Irish labourer, in his dirty working-jacket, enjoying his devotions to the full, without prejudice to those of the well-dressed multitude, who, in their bad taste, prefer the benches and kneeling-boards. Nothing can be less stiff and formal, less commercial, less Protestant. "*O si sic omnia,*" in this our Catholic London, on Sundays as on week-days, at "grand functions" as at humbler devotions! But let us be of good cheer; every thing is on the mend among us; old ways are going out, and older ones are coming in; and it may confidently be anticipated that neither sheep-pens for the poor, nor barricades, nor wickets, nor reserved seats, nor doorkeepers, nor any other vestige of our degenerate age will long find favour among us. And as we become more Catholic, our congregations will become more generous, and the haughty will be taught humility, and the purse-proud will learn that it is not the Church who needs him, but he who lives by the Church. And it may even be hoped that, in the course of time, the feeling (which is evidently on the rise and shared by many of the older Catholics) against charity dinners, bazaars, raffles, and other such low and uncatholic expedients for dispensing with the duty of almsgiving, will grow into something practical, and thus our doings will be no longer the occasion of scandal to the more enlightened and right-

minded Protestants (see sundry articles in the *British Magazine*), as well as a serious prejudice to the conversion of many whose munificence in their own communion is a continual reproach to the wealthier among ourselves.

You see, then, my dear sir, that while I cannot go along with all your proposals, in the point of no distinction between rich and poor I should even leave you behind me; for I own that I can neither understand nor quite enter into your idea (thrown out in a note) of reserving places for the "personal friends of the clergy;" an arrangement which, if general, would, I am pretty sure, speedily degenerate into abuse.

As to the offertory, I can never be otherwise than sanguine about it, when I remember what was done in that way at Margaret Chapel. There, in a "place of worship" not holding more than 200 persons, and as destitute of architectural attractions as the most ascetic could desire, we used, by means of the offertory, to get enough to maintain an expensive choir, and to defray all the current expenses, which were very considerable, besides the curate's salary of 100*l.* a year, and a payment exceeding that sum to the mother establishment of All Souls; and besides, also, quarterly collections for a new church, which in four years left me a sum of 2500*l.*, which, on becoming a Catholic, I had to resign. Yet, as you know, we had no "charity sermons," no fuss, no parade, no excitement, no "popular preachers" (an evil from which I wish I could agree with you in thinking that we are free at present), no speechifying at public dinners, no bazaars, no raffles, nor any other elements of the commercial and sectarian machinery. Shall that be found impracticable in the Church which was found possible in the midst of heresy?

Believe me, my dear Sir,  
Yours very faithfully,  
**FREDERICK OAKELEY.**

St. George's.  
*Octave of Corpus Christi, 1849.*

## Ecclesiastical Register.

### ALLOCATION OF POPE PIUS IX.

Pronounced in the Secret Consistory at Gaeta on  
April 20, 1849.

VENERABLE BROTHERS,—No one assuredly is ignorant with what terrible storms our Pontifical States and almost the whole of Italy are, to the extreme grief of our soul, after a miserable manner tossed and agitated. And would that men, taught by these most lamentable revolutions, may at last understand that nothing can be more pernicious to themselves than to diverge from the paths of truth, justice, virtue, and religion, and to acquiesce in the detestable counsels of the impious, and to be deceived and entangled by their machinations, frauds, and errors! Indeed, the whole world well knows and testifies how great was the solicitude which was felt by our paternal and most loving heart, in providing for the true and solid profit, tranquillity, and prosperity of our Pontifical States, and what was the fruit reaped by that our great indulgence and love. Yet by these words we only condemn the crafty workmen of such great evils, without desiring to attribute any blame to the greatest

part of the people. Nevertheless, we are obliged to lament that many, even of the people, have been so miserably deceived, that, turning away their ears from our words and admonitions, they yield them to the fallacious doctrines of certain teachers, who, leaving "the right way and walking by dark ways" (Prov. ii. 13), minded this only, that by magnificent and false promises they might lead onwards and drive headlong the minds and hearts especially of inexperienced men, into fraud and error. All assuredly know with what transports of applause was every where celebrated that memorable and ample amnesty, granted by us in order to secure the peace, tranquillity, and happiness of families. Nor is any one ignorant that several of those who were favoured by that amnesty, not only did not fulfil our expectations, by making the least change in their minds, but that, applying even yet more vehemently every day to their designs and machinations, there was nothing they did not dare, nothing they did not attempt, in order (as they had long plotted) to undermine and utterly to overthrow the civil sovereignty of the Roman Pontiff and his govern-

ment, and at the same time to carry on a most bitter warfare against our most holy religion. But that they might the easier achieve this, they took especial care in the first place to call together the multitudes, to influence and agitate them by great and incessant movements, which, even taking advantage of our concessions as a pretext, they studied with their utmost power constantly to foment, and day by day to increase. Hence, the concessions freely and willingly granted by us in the very beginning of our Pontificate, not only were never able to yield the wished-for fruits, but not even to take root, because those crafty architects of deceit abused the same to the exciting of new agitations. And these facts, Venerable Brothers, have we deemed it fit briefly to touch upon, and rapidly to review with this intention, that all men of good-will may clearly and openly know what the enemies of God and of the human race intend and desire, and what is by them always fixed and determined in their minds.

Our singular affection towards our subjects, Venerable Brothers, made us feel vehement grief and distress, when we perceived that those constant popular movements were so adverse both to public tranquillity and order, and also to the private quietness and peace of families; nor were we able to endure those frequent pecuniary collections, which were demanded on various pretexts, not without great inconvenience and expense to the citizens. Therefore, in the month of April 1847, by a public edict of our Cardinal-Secretary of State, we admonished all to abstain from such popular assemblages and subscriptions, and again direct their minds to attend to their own affairs, to repose all confidence in us, and to feel assured that our paternal cares and anxieties were alone directed to provide for the public good, as we had already shewn by many most evident proofs. But these salutary admonitions of ours, whereby we endeavoured to calm these great popular movements, and to recall the people themselves to pursuits of peace and tranquillity, were exceedingly opposed to the bad desires and machinations of certain men. Accordingly, those unwearied authors of agitation, who had already resisted another edict, issued by our order by the same Cardinal, for promoting the good and useful education of the people, scarcely knew of our admonition, before they began every where to exclaim against it, and with a more embittered zeal to agitate the incautious multitudes, and most craftily to insinuate and to persuade them never to yield themselves to that tranquillity which we so much desired, as there lay hid under it an insidious design of as it were lulling the people to sleep, so that hereafter they might the easier be oppressed by the hard yoke of slavery. And from that time numerous writings, even in print, filled with all sorts of most bitter contumelies, reproaches, and threats, were sent to us, which we have buried in eternal oblivion and committed to the flames. But that our enemies might procure some belief in those false dangers which they clamoured were impending on the people, they ventured to scatter abroad a rumour and fear of a certain pretended conspiracy forged and got up by themselves, and to vociferate, by a detestable falsehood, that such conspiracy was entered upon with the object of devastating the city of Rome with civil war, assassinations, and carnage, that, the new institutions being altogether taken away and destroyed, the old form

of government might again be revived. But by the false pretext of this conspiracy, our enemies had the intention wickedly to excite and provoke the contempt, jealousy, and fury of the people against certain most illustrious men, eminent for their virtue and religion, and also of exalted ecclesiastical dignity. You are aware, that in the midst of this tumult of affairs the Civic Guard was proposed, and assembled with such celerity, that provision could by no means be made for its proper institution and discipline.

When first, for the greater furtherance of the prosperity of the public administration, we deemed it convenient to institute a Council of State, our adversaries immediately seized on the opportunity of inflicting new wounds on the Government, and at the same time of contriving that such institution, which might have been of great utility to the public interests, should turn out to their loss and detriment; and since the notion had now prevailed with impunity, that by that institution both the character and nature of the Pontifical Government was changed, and our authority subjected to the judgment of the Consultors, we, therefore, on the very day that the Council of State was inaugurated, did not neglect seriously to admonish, with grave and severe words, certain turbulent men, who accompanied the Consultors, and clearly and openly to manifest to them the true end of this institution. But the factious never desisted with yet greater impetuosity to agitate the deceived part of the people; and in order that they might the easier gather together and increase the number of their followers, they did, with signal shamelessness and audacity, spread abroad, both in our own Pontifical States and also in foreign nations, the assertion that we entirely assented to their opinions and designs. You remember, Venerable Brothers, with what language, in our Consistorial Allocution pronounced before you on October 4th, 1847, we seriously admonished and exhorted the people most vigilantly to be on their guard against the perfidy of these traitors. Meanwhile, however, the obstinate authors of plots and agitations, in order that they might continually feed and excite fears and disturbances, did, in the January of last year, alarm the minds of the incautious by an idle rumour of a foreign war, and spread it abroad among the people, that the same war would be fomented and sustained by domestic machinations and the malevolent inertness of the rulers. In order to tranquillise the public mind and repel the insidious schemes of the traitors, we, without any delay, did on the 10th of February in the same year, declare that those rumours were altogether false and absurd, in terms which every one knows. And at that time we warned our most dear subjects of what will, by God's help, now take place, namely, that it would come to pass that innumerable sons would fly to defend the house of the common Father of all the Faithful, that is to say, the States of the Church, if those most strait bonds of gratitude, whereby the princes and people of Italy ought to be intimately bound to each other, should come to be dissolved, and the people themselves forget to reverence the wisdom of their princes, and the sanctity of their rights, and to maintain and defend the same with all their force.

Although, however, those words of ours just alluded to brought tranquillity for a short space of time to all those whose wills were opposed to

continual disturbance, still they prevailed nothing with the irreconcilable enemies of the Church and of human society, who had already excited new agitations and new tumults. Forasmuch as, insisting on the calumnies which by them and by those like them had been disseminated against religious men devoted to the divine ministry, and deserving well of the Church, they excited and inflamed the popular fury, with all its violence, against them. Nor are you ignorant, Venerable Brothers, that those words were of no avail which we addressed to the people on the 10th of March last year, wherein, with great efforts, we endeavoured to rescue that religious family from exile and dispersion.

And as, while all this was going on, the revolutions so well known to all broke out in Italy and throughout Europe, we again, lifting up our Apostolic voice on the 30th March of the same year, did not neglect again and again to admonish and exhort all nations, that they should both study to respect the liberty of the Catholic Church, and to protect the order of civil society, and to follow up the precepts of our most holy religion, and above all to exercise Christian charity to all men, since, if they neglected to do this, they might hold it for certain that God would shew that He was the Ruler of the people.

To proceed: every one of you knows well how the form of Constitutional Government was brought into Italy; and how a statute granted by us to our subjects was published on the 14th of March last year. But as the implacable enemies of public tranquillity and order had nothing so much at heart as to attempt every thing against the Pontifical Government, and to agitate the people by constant movements and suspicions, they never ceased, whether by published writings, or *circles*, or associations, or other arts of whatever kind, atrociously to calumniate the Government, and to fix on it the mark of inertness, of deceit, and fraud; although the Government itself was applying with all care and diligence to this object, that the statute, so much longed for, might be put into operation with as much celerity as possible. And here we desire to publish to the whole world, that at that very time those men, persevering in their design of subverting the Pontifical dominion and the whole of Italy, proposed to us the proclamation, no longer of a Constitution, but of a Republic, as the only refuge and defence both of our own safety and of the Ecclesiastical State. That nocturnal hour is still present to our mind, and we have before our eyes certain men who, miserably deluded and deceived by the architects of deceit, did not hesitate to take their part in that affair, and to propose to us the proclamation of a Republic. Which, indeed, in addition to numberless other most weighty arguments, demonstrates that the petitions for new institutions, and the projects so loudly vaunted by men of such sort, have this alone in view,—that incessant agitation may be fomented; that all the principles of justice, virtue, honour, and religion, may be everywhere totally swept away, and the horrible and most lamentable system, which they style Socialism or Communism, entirely adverse as it is even to reason and the law of nature, may, to the greatest detriment and ruin of the whole of human society, in all directions be spread and propagated, and far and wide exercise dominion.

But although this most abominable conspiracy, or rather this daily series of conspiracies, was

clear and manifest, still, by the permission of God, it was unknown to many of those who ought, indeed, for so many causes, to have had the common tranquillity at heart. And although the unwearied managers of the disturbances gave reason for the greatest suspicion about themselves, still there were not wanting certain well-meaning men who held out a friendly hand to them, resting probably on the hope that they might be able to bring them back to the path of moderation and justice.

Meanwhile a cry of war suddenly pervaded the whole of Italy, by which a part of the subjects of our Pontifical dominions being excited and carried away, flew to arms, and resisting our will, desired to cross the frontiers of the same Pontifical States. You know, Venerable Brothers, how, fulfilling the duties both of a Sovereign Pontiff and Prince, we resisted the unjust desires of those men who sought to drag us on to wage that war, and who demanded that an inexperienced band of youths, recruited in a hasty manner, devoid of all practice in the military art, undisciplined, and destitute of capable leaders and munitions of war, should be driven forth by us to the combat, that is, to certain slaughter. And this was demanded of us, who, having been raised, although unworthy, by the inscrutable counsels of Divine Providence to the height of Apostolical dignity, and who, exercising here on earth the Vicariate of Jesus Christ, who is the author of peace and lover of charity, have received the mission to embrace all peoples, nations, and tribes with the equal zeal of paternal love, and to consult with all our might for the salvation of all, and not to drive men to carnage and death. But if no princes whatsoever can undertake a war, except for just reasons, who can there be ever so devoid of judgment and reason as not clearly to perceive that the Catholic world would have the amplest right to demand on the part of the Roman Pontiff a much higher justice, and more weighty reasons, if it saw the Pontiff himself declare or wage war against any one? Wherefore, in our Allocution delivered to you on April 29th last year, we openly and publicly declared, that we had nothing whatsoever to do with that war. And at the same time we repudiated and rejected a most deeply insidious proffer which was made to us, both in writing and by word of mouth, a proffer not only most injurious to our person, but also most pernicious to Italy,—namely, that we should consent to preside over the government of a certain "Republic of Italy." Thus, by the singular compassion of God, we indeed sought to fulfil that most weighty office laid before us by God himself, of speaking, of admonishing, and of exhorting; and we accordingly trust that that reproach of Isaiah cannot be brought against us: "Woe is me, because I have held my peace" (Is. vi. 5). But would that all our children had lent an ear to our paternal words, admonitions, and exhortations!

You remember, Venerable Brothers, what clamours and tumults were excited by most turbulent and factious men, after the Allocution we have just mentioned, and how a civil ministry was imposed upon us, utterly adverse both to our views and principles, and also to the rights of the Apostolic See. We, indeed, foresaw in our mind that the issue of the Italian war would be unhappy, when one of those Ministers did not hesitate to declare that the same war would last,

even in spite of our unwillingness and resistance, and without the Pontifical blessing. And that minister, doing a most grave injury to the Apostolic See, did not fear to propose that the civil sovereignty of the Roman Pontiff should be altogether separated from his spiritual power. Not long afterwards, the self-same man ventured openly to assert things of us, which would in a manner cast the Supreme Pontiff out of the society of the human race, and dissever him therefrom. Our just and merciful Lord willed to humble us under his mighty hand, when He permitted that for many months truth on this part, and falsehood on that, should contend in a fierce conflict with each other; to which an end was made by the election of a new Ministry, which afterwards was displaced by another, in which the praise of talent was united to a special zeal both for the preservation of public order and for the observation of the laws. But the unrestrained license and audacity of bad passions, raising its head higher and higher every day, was pursuing its career of destruction,—and the enemies of God and of man, inflamed with a lasting and savage thirst of domineering, devastating, and destroying, were longing now for nothing else than to subvert all laws, divine and human, in order that they might satiate their desires. Hence the machinations, which had long been prepared beforehand, burst out openly and publicly, the streets were besprinkled with human blood, sacrileges, never sufficiently to be deplored, were committed, and unheard-of violence, in our very Quirinal Palace, done with profane daring to ourselves.

Since, therefore, under the oppression of so great difficulties, we could not freely discharge the duties of a Pontiff, much less of a Prince, we felt it our duty, not without great bitterness of mind, to depart from our See. We abstain from again rehearsing those most lamentable events, related in our public protestations, lest our general grief be renewed by their mournful remembrance. But when the seditious knew of our protestations, they were infuriated with greater audacity, and making all sorts of menaces against all, they spared no kind of fraud, or deceit, or violence, more and more to terrify all the good who were already prostrated with fear. And after they had introduced that new form of government, called by themselves *Giunta di Stato*, and had altogether done away with the two Councils instituted by us, they laboured with all their might to assemble a new Council, which they chose to call by the name of the *Roman Constituent*. The mind shrinks from stating the magnitude and number of the frauds which they made use of to bring this matter to an issue. But here we cannot refrain from giving just praises to the greater part of the magistrates of the Pontifical States, who, mindful of their own honour and duty, preferred to resign their office rather than in any way to lend a hand to the work by which their Prince and most loving Father was being spoiled of his legitimate civil sovereignty. But that Council was at length brought together; and a certain Roman advocate, in the very beginning of his first speech delivered to those who were assembled, clearly and openly declared to all the thoughts, wishes, and views of himself and his companions, the other authors of this horrible agitation. "The law," said he, "of moral progress is imperious and inexorable." And he at the same time added that himself and

the rest had long had it fixed in their minds to overturn from its foundation the temporal dominion and government of the Holy See, even though their desires had been in every way seconded by us. And this declaration we desire to commemorate in your Assembly, that all may understand that such perverse intention was not attributed by us to the authors of the disturbances from any conjecture or suspicion, but that it was openly and publicly manifested to the whole universe by themselves, whom shame itself ought to have deterred from making such a declaration. It was not, then, more liberal institutions, nor a more advantageous system of public administration, nor wise regulations of whatever kind, which these men were seeking after; but what they wished was, to attack, to tear up by the roots, and utterly to destroy the civil sovereignty and power of the Apostolic See. And this design, so far as depended on themselves, they brought to a conclusion by that decree of the *Roman Constituent* (as they call it) published on February 9th this year, in which, we know not whether with greater wrong to the rights of the Roman Church, and the liberty attached to them for the fulfilling of the Apostolic office, or with greater loss and calamity to the subjects of the Pontifical State, they declared that the Roman Pontiffs had fallen from temporal dominion both in law and in fact. With no slight sorrow, Venerable Brothers, did such deplorable events overwhelm us; and for this above all do we chiefly grieve, that the city of Rome, the centre of Catholic truth and unity, the mistress of virtue and holiness, doth by means of the impious men who are daily flocking thither, appear to all people, nations, and tribes, to be the author of such calamities. However, in the midst of such our great grief of heart, it is most grateful to us to be able to affirm that by far the greatest part both of the Roman people and of the other inhabitants of our Pontifical States remain constantly attached to us and to the Apostolic See, and have abhorred those nefarious machinations, though they have been spectators of so many disastrous events. We have also found the greatest consolation in the solicitude of the Bishops and Clergy of our Pontifical States, who, in the midst of dangers and difficulties of every kind, have not ceased to discharge the duties of their ministry and office, in drawing aside the people, both by word and example, from those agitations and wicked designs of the factious.

We certainly, in the midst of such a crisis and struggle, left nothing unattempted to provide for the public tranquillity and order. For a long time before those most deplorable events of November took place, we made every effort that the Swiss forces in the service of the Apostolic See, and quartered in our provinces, should be brought to the city; but this matter, contrary to our intentions, was not brought into execution, in consequence of the resistance of those who in the month of May held the office of Ministers. Nor was that all; but even before that time, as well as after, we directed our attention to assemble other military forces, both for the preservation of public order, especially at Rome, and for the restraint of the audacity of our enemies; but these, God so permitting it, failed us, in consequence of the vicissitudes of the circumstances and times. Lastly, after the most mournful events of November, we did not

neglect, in our letters dated January 5th, again and again to inculcate on all our native-born soldiers, to keep their sworn faith to their Prince, mindful of religion and of military honour, and diligently to endeavour every where to maintain public tranquillity as well as due obedience and devotion to the legitimate Government. We further ordered our Swiss troops to march to Rome, but they did not obey these orders of ours, as, above all, the Commander-in-chief of those forces did not in this business conduct himself rightly or honourably.

And meanwhile the chiefs of the faction, pursuing their work with daily increasing audacity and vehemence, did not cease to lacerate our person and those who are attached to us, with horrible calumnies and contumelies of every kind, and they did not hesitate wickedly to abuse the very words and sentences of the most holy Gospel, that coming in the clothing of sheep, though inwardly they are ravening wolves, they might lead the ignorant multitude into all their perverse designs and machinations, and might imbue the ears of the incautious with false doctrines. But the subjects who remained attached with immovable fidelity to us, and to the temporal dominion of the Apostolic See, reasonably and justly demanded of us that we should deliver them from those many most grievous difficulties, dangers, calamities, and losses, with which they were surrounded on every side. And since some are to be found amongst them who consider us as the cause (however innocent) of such great agitations, we would desire them to observe, that we indeed, the moment we were raised to the Supreme Apostolic See, certainly directed our paternal anxieties and views, as we have above declared, to this end, that we should bring, by all our efforts, the people of our Pontifical States into a better condition; but that it came to pass, by the means of turbulent adversaries, that those views of ours were disappointed, whilst, on the other hand, God so permitting it, the seditious themselves were enabled to bring to a conclusion the projects which for a long time previously they had never ceased to plot and to essay with all the arts of wickedness. Therefore what we have already elsewhere said, the same thing do we now repeat, to wit, that in this grievous and deplorable tempest wherewith almost the whole world is so shaken, the hand of God is to be acknowledged, and his voice to be heard, who is wont with such scourges to punish the sins and iniquities of men, that they may hasten to return to the paths of justice. Let them, therefore, hear his voice who have strayed from the truth, and, leaving their own ways, let them be converted to the Lord; let those also hear it, who in this most lamentable state of affairs are more solicitous for their own private interests than for the good of the Church and the well-being of Catholicity, and let them remember that it will not profit a man "if he gain the whole world, and suffer the loss of his soul;" let also the pious sons of the Church hear it, and waiting with patience for the salvation of God, and with greater zeal every day cleansing their consciences from all defilement of sin, let them strive to implore the mercies of the Lord, and more and more to please Him, and continually to serve Him.

And in the midst of these our most ardent desires, we cannot but specially admonish and reprove those who applaud that decree whereby the Roman Pontiff has been deprived of all the

honour and dignity of his civil power, and who assert that the same decree is even very conducive to the furtherance of the liberty and happiness of the Church itself. But here we openly and publicly declare, that we say not these things from any desire of domination, or any longing after temporal sovereignty, seeing that our disposition and frame of mind is altogether alien from any spirit of domination. Nevertheless the duty of our office requires that, in maintaining the civil sovereignty of the Apostolic See, we defend with all our might the rights and possessions of the holy Roman Church, and the liberty of the same See, which is conjoined with the liberty and advantage of the whole Church. And those men truly, who, in their applause of the aforesaid decree, assert things so false and absurd, are either ignorant or pretend to be ignorant that it came to pass by a most singular counsel of Divine Providence, that when the Roman Empire was divided into several kingdoms and various states, the Roman Pontiff, unto whom was committed by Christ the Lord the government and care of the whole Church, had a civil sovereignty for this reason assuredly, that in order to rule the Church and to maintain its unity, he might enjoy that plenitude of liberty which is required for the discharge of the office of the Supreme Apostolic Ministry. For it is manifest to all, that the people, nations, and kingdoms would never accord to him their full confidence and obedience, if they perceived that he was subject to the dominion of any prince or government, and by no means in the possession of his liberty. The faithful people and kingdoms would never cease vehemently to suspect and to fear lest the same Pontiff should conform his acts to the will of the prince or government in whose state he was sojourning, and therefore would not hesitate, on this pretext, often to oppose themselves to his acts. And, indeed, let the very enemies of the civil sovereignty of the Apostolic See, who now rule at Rome—let them say with what confidence and obedience they themselves would receive the exhortations, admonitions, mandates, and constitutions of the Sovereign Pontiff, if they knew him to be subject to the will of some prince or government, but especially if he were subject to any prince between whom and the Roman State any long war was being carried on?

Meanwhile, there is no one who does not see with how many grievous wounds the Immaculate Spouse of Christ is now assailed in the very regions of the Pontifical State; with what chains, with what most shameful servitude, she is more and more oppressed, and with what difficulties her visible head is overwhelmed. For who is ignorant that our communications with the city of Rome, and with its clergy, most dear to us, and with the whole Episcopate, and the other faithful of the Pontifical dominion, have been so obstructed, that we cannot freely send or receive even letters, although treating of ecclesiastical and spiritual affairs? Who knows not that the city of Rome, the principal See of the Catholic Church, is at present—Oh, sorrowful!—made a forest of roaring wild beasts; since it is filled with men of all nations, who, being either apostates, or heretics, or masters of so-called Communism or Socialism, and animated with extreme hatred against the Catholic truth, do, both by writings and every other means, endeavour to teach and disseminate all kinds of pestiferous

errors, and to pervert the minds and hearts of all; so that in the very city itself, if it were possible, the holiness of the Catholic religion, and the unchangeable rule of faith may be depraved? Who knows not, or has not heard, that in the Pontifical State the goods, revenues, and possessions of the Church have been seized with rash and sacrilegious daring, the most august churches stripped of their ornaments, the monasteries turned to profane uses; the virgins consecrated to God harassed; the most virtuous and distinguished ecclesiastics and religious cruelly persecuted, put in chains, and slain; the sacred and most illustrious Bishops, even those invested with the dignity of the Cardinalate, violently dragged away from their flocks, and thrown into dungeons?

And these assaults against the Church, her laws and liberty, are done both in the Pontifical States and in other countries, wherever these men, or men like them, hold sway; at the very time when the same persons are proclaiming liberty in all directions, and pretend that it is their desire that the Supreme Pontiff should be altogether freed from all shackles, and enjoy entire liberty.

Further, it is manifest to all men, in how miserable and deplorable a condition our most dear subjects are placed, by means of the same men who are committing such flagitious crimes against the Church. For the public treasury is wasted and exhausted; commerce interrupted and nearly annihilated; vast sums of money levied on the principal citizens, and others; the goods of private persons robbed by those men who call themselves the chiefs of the people, and commanders of lawless bands; the liberty of all good men disturbed, and their security extremely endangered, and their very life subjected to the assassin's dagger; and other very great and grievous evils and losses, whereby continually the citizens are so afflicted and terrified. These, forsooth, are the beginnings of that prosperity which the haters of the Sovereign Pontificate announce and promise to the people of the Pontifical States.

Therefore, amidst the great and incredible grief wherewith we were in our inmost heart excruciated, because of the great calamities of the Church and of the people of our Pontifical States, we, well knowing that the duty of our office demanded by all means that we should make every effort to remove and drive away those calamities, neglected not, as early as the 4th of December last year, to implore and solicit the aid and assistance of all princes and nations. And we cannot refrain, Venerable Brothers, from communicating to you at this moment the singular consolation which we received, when the said princes, and even those nations which are in nowise united to us in the bonds of Catholic unity, studied in the most striking manner indeed to testify and declare their most eager good-will towards us. Which thing, indeed, while it most wonderfully soothes and consoles the most bitter grief of our heart, doth more and more demonstrate how God is always watching propitiously over his holy Church. And we are encouraged to hope that it will come to pass, that all will understand that those most grievous evils wherewith, in these times of great severity, people and kingdoms are troubled, have derived their origin from the contempt of our most holy religion, nor can obtain remedy and consolation from any other source but from the divine doctrine of Christ, and from

his holy Church, which, being the fruitful parent and nurse of all virtues, and the expeller of vices, whilst she forms mankind to all truth and justice, and binds them together unto mutual charity, doth, after a most admirable manner, consult and provide for the public good and order of civil society.

But after imploring the assistance of all princes, we sought for succour from Austria, which country is the nearest to our Pontifical States on the north, the more willingly for this reason, that she not only has always displayed the most distinguished zeal in defending the temporal dominions of the Apostolic See, but also that there is now assuredly ground to hope that, according to our most ardent wishes and most just demands, certain well-known principles, ever disapproved of by the Apostolic See, will be abandoned by that empire, and that the Church in those parts will consequently be restored to her liberty, to the great good and advantage of the faithful who dwell therein. And whilst we intimate this, with no ordinary feelings of consolation in our own heart, we doubt not but that it will give no slight joy to yourselves.

We demanded the same assistance from the French nation, for whom a singular kindness and affection is entertained by our paternal heart, since the clergy and faithful people of that nation studied, by all manner of manifestations of filial devotion and observance, to assuage and console our calamities and anguish.

We also called for assistance from Spain, a country which, being deeply anxious and solicitous on account of our troubles, first roused other Catholic nations to enter on a certain filial compact with each other to strive to bring back to his own See the common Father of the faithful and Supreme Pastor of the Church.

Lastly, we sought for this help from the kingdom of the Two Sicilies, in which we are hospitably entertained by its King, who, endeavouring with all his might to promote the true and solid happiness of his people, shines forth with such religion and piety, that he may furnish an example to his own subjects. But, although by no language can we express with what care and zeal the aforesaid prince delights to testify and confirm his singular filial devotion towards us by all manner of good offices and noble acts, still no forgetfulness shall ever obliterate the illustrious deserts of that prince towards us. And in nowise can we pass over in silence the marks of piety, affection, and dutifulness with which the clergy and people of the same kingdom have never ceased to attend us, from the moment when we entered on the territory.

We are therefore encouraged to hope that it will come to pass, by God's assistance, that those Catholic nations, having before their eyes the cause of the Church and of its Supreme Pontiff, the common Father of all the faithful, will make all speed to vindicate the civil sovereignty of the Apostolic See, and to restore peace and tranquillity to our subjects; and we are confident that the enemies of our most holy religion and of civil society will be driven away from the city of Rome and from the whole State of the Church. Whenever that shall take place, it will be our part certainly with all vigilance, zeal, and solicitude, to drive away all those errors and grievous scandals, which, in common with all good men, we are bound so vehemently to deplore. And, in the first place, must it chiefly be cared

for, that the minds and hearts of men, deceived after a miserable manner with the lies, insidious devices, and frauds of the impious, may be illuminated with the light of eternal truth, whereby the men themselves may be excited and inflamed to embrace the paths of virtue, justice, and religion. For you well know, Venerable Brothers, those horrible and monstrous opinions of all kinds, which, emerging from the bottomless pit for ruin and devastation, have prevailed, and are now raging far and wide, to the heavy detriment of religion and civil society. Which perverse and pestilent doctrines the enemies are never ceasing, whether by word, or writing, or public spectacles, to disseminate among the vulgar, in order that the unbridled licentiousness of all kinds of impiety, cupidity, and lust, may daily more and more be increased and propagated. Hence truly have arisen all those calamities, destructions, and woes which the human race, almost over the whole globe, have had so heavily to mourn, and are still mourning.

Nor are you ignorant what description of war is now being waged, even in Italy itself, against our most holy religion, and with what detestable frauds and machinations the enemies of religion and of civil society are endeavouring to draw away the minds, especially of the ignorant, from the sanctity of the faith and sound doctrine, and to plunge them into raging floods of infidelity, and to drive them to accomplish all sorts of most frightful crimes. And that they may be enabled the easier to bring their designs to an issue, and to excite and ferment all the horrible agitations of sedition and disturbance, treading in the steps of the heretics, and altogether despising the supreme authority of the Church, they in nowise hesitate to appeal to, interpret, invert, and distort, in their own private and erroneous acceptation, the words, testimonies, and sentences of the sacred Scriptures; and they fear not with extreme impiety wickedly to abuse the most holy name of Christ. Nor are they ashamed publicly and openly to assert that the violation of any oath, however solemn, and the commission of any flagitious and detestable actions whatsoever, repugnant to the law of nature itself, is not only not to be condemned, but is even altogether lawful, and to be extolled with the highest praises, when the same is done for the love of country, as they say. By which impious and perverse mode of arguing, all honour, virtue, and justice is by this class of men utterly swept away, and the abhorred principles of action of the very robber and assassin are, with unheard-of shamelessness, maintained and commended.

Besides the other innumerable frauds which the enemies of the Catholic Church continually use, that they may tear away and carry off the ignorant and incautious especially from the bosom of the Church itself, there are added most bitter and odious calumnies, which they do not blush to invent, and therewith to assail our person. We, indeed, holding, though by no merits of our own, here on earth the Vicariate of Him "who, when He was reviled, did not revile; when He suffered, did not threaten," have never neglected to bear all bitterest calumnies with all patience and silence, and to pray for those who persecute and calumniate us. But since we are debtors to the wise and to the foolish, and are bound to consult for the salvation of all, we, in order to avoid giving offence, especially to the weak, cannot refrain in this your Assembly from

repelling that most false and odious calumny of all, which has been published in some very recent papers against the person of our humility. But although we felt incredible horror when we read that libel, whereby the enemies seek to inflict a grievous wound upon us and the Apostolic See, still we can in nowise fear that such most odious falsehoods can do even a slight mischief to that supreme Chair of Truth, or to us, who by the help of no merits of ours have been placed therein. And indeed, by the singular mercy of God, we are enabled to use those divine words of our Redeemer: "I have spoken openly to the world . . . and in secret I have spoken nothing." And here, Venerable Brothers, we judge it convenient again to repeat and inculcate those very things which we declared, especially in our Allocution delivered to you on December 17th, in the year 1847, namely, that our enemies, that they may be able the more easily to corrupt the true and genuine doctrine of the Catholic religion, and to deceive others, and to lead them into error, devise all manner of falsehoods, try all manœuvres and endeavours, in order that even the very Apostolic See may appear in some sort to partake in and to favour their madness. But no one is ignorant what most pernicious sects and societies, lurking in darkness, have been at different times got together, instituted, and variously denominated by the workmen of falsehood and the propagators of perverse opinions, by the means of which they might the more safely instil their extravagances, systems, and machinations into the minds of others; might corrupt the incautious, and open out a most broad path for the commission of all manner of crimes with impunity. Which abominable sects of perdition, utterly hostile, not only to the salvation of souls, but also to the good and tranquillity of civil society, and condemned by the Roman Pontiffs our predecessors, we ourselves have constantly detested, and by our Encyclical Letter, dated November 9th, in the year 1846, and addressed to all the Bishops of the Catholic Church, we have condemned, and do now in like manner, by our supreme Apostolic authority, again condemn, prohibit, and proscribe.

But in this our Allocution, we have assuredly not intended either to enumerate all the errors by which the people, being miserably deceived, are driven to such ruin, or to go over all the machinations whereby the enemies are stirring to devise mischief to the Catholic religion, and to assault and invade to the uttermost the citadel of Sion. The matters which we have so far sorrowfully commemorated do manifest sufficiently, and more than sufficiently, that these calamities and disasters with which nations and people are so cruelly agitated, spring from the progress of perverse doctrines, and from the contempt of justice and religion. In order, therefore, that such great evils may be removed, it is necessary that neither pains, nor counsels, nor labours, nor watchings be spared, to the end that these many perverse doctrines being plucked up by the roots, all may understand that true and solid happiness rests upon the exercise of virtue, justice, and religion. So that both we ourselves, and you, and our other Venerable Brothers, the Bishops of the whole Catholic world, must above all things labour with extreme care, zeal, and perseverance, that the faithful people may be removed from poisoned pastures, and led to those that are salutary; and that being daily more and

more nourished with the words of faith, they may both perceive and avoid the frauds and fallacies of insidious men; and plainly understanding that the fear of the Lord is the fountain of all good things, and that sins and iniquities provoke the scourges of God, they may study with all care to decline from evil and to do good. For which reason, in the midst of such anguish, certainly no slight joy is diffused over our mind, when we observe with what firmness of mind and constancy our Venerable Brothers, the Bishops of the Catholic world, firmly attached to us and to the Chair of Peter, along with their dutiful clergy, do strenuously labour to maintain the cause of the Church and to defend its liberty; and with what priestly care and zeal they bestow all their pains, that they may both more and more confirm the good in their goodness, and may bring back wanderers to the ways of justice, and may reprove and confute, both by word of mouth and by writing, the obstinate enemies of religion. But whilst we rejoice to pay these due and merited praises to those Venerable Brothers, we encourage them, that trusting on the Divine assistance, they may proceed even with more and more cheerful zeal to fulfil their ministry, and to fight the battles of the Lord, and exalt their voice in wisdom and strength, to evangelise Jerusalem, and to heal the sorrows of Israel. Furthermore, let them not cease to approach with confidence to the throne of Grace, and to persevere in public and private prayer, and sedulously to inculcate to the faithful people that they all every where do penance, in order that they may obtain mercy from the Lord and find grace in the opportune season. Nor let them neglect to exhort men who excel in abilities and in sound doctrine, that they also may study, under their guidance and that of the Apostolic See, to enlighten the minds of the people, and to dissipate the darkness of the errors that are creeping on.

Here, also, we beseech in the Lord, and demand of our most dear sons in Christ, the princes and rulers of peoples, that, seriously and sedulously considering the number and magnitude of the evils which redound upon civil society from such a mass of errors and vices, they may apply themselves with all care, zeal, and prudence, above all to this object, that virtue, justice, and religion may every where prevail, and receive more and more increase day by day. And let all peoples, nations, and tribes, and their rulers, assiduously and diligently consider and reflect that all good things consist in the exercise of justice, but that all evil things proceed from iniquity. For "justice exalteth a nation, but sin maketh nations miserable." (Prov. xiv. 34.)

But before we make an end of speaking, we cannot refrain from openly and publicly testifying our feelings of utmost gratitude to all those our most loving and dear children who, being vehemently solicitous regarding our calamities, chose, with a truly singular and affectionate piety towards us, to send us their offerings. Although, however, this pious liberality imparts to us no slight consolation, still we must confess that our paternal heart is affected with no ordinary distress, since we exceedingly fear that in this most lamentable state of public affairs our aforesaid most dear children, indulging their love for us overmuch, are willing to make those gifts even to their own loss and detriment.

Lastly, Venerable Brothers, we indeed, entirely acquiescing in the impenetrable counsels of the

wisdom of God, whereby He works his glory, whilst in the humility of our heart we offer up the greatest thanks to God for having judged us worthy to suffer reproach for the name of Jesus, and to be made in some measure conformable to the image of his Passion, we are ready in all faith, hope, patience, and meekness, to endure all bitterest labours and pangs, and to lay down our life itself for the Church, that by our blood we might be able to remedy the calamities of the Church itself. But in the mean time, Venerable Brothers, let us not intermit, day and night, with assiduous and fervent prayer, humbly to pray of God rich in mercy, and to entreat of Him, that through the merits of his only-begotten Son, He may by his almighty arm deliver his holy Church from those great storms by which it is agitated; and that by the illumination of his divine grace He may enlighten the minds of all who go astray, and in the multitude of his mercy may vanquish the hearts of all the rebellious, that, all errors every where being driven away, and all diversities removed, all men may perceive and acknowledge the light of justice and truth, and may run in the unity of the faith, and of the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ. And of Him, who maketh peace in high places, and who is our peace, let us never neglect suppliantly to entreat that all the evils wherewith the Christian republic is troubled being utterly rooted up, He may deign every where to establish the peace and tranquillity so ardently longed for. But that God may more readily grant our prayers, let us have recourse to intercessors with Him, and above all to the most holy and immaculate Virgin Mary, who, being the Mother of God, and our Mother, and the Mother of Mercy, finds what she seeks, and cannot be frustrated. Let us also implore the suffrages of the blessed Peter, Prince of the Apostles, and of his fellow-Apostle Paul, and of all the Saints in heaven, who, being made friends of God, now reign with Him in heaven, that the most merciful Lord, by the intervention of their merits and prayers, may deliver the faithful people from the terrors of his anger, and may always protect them, and make them joyful with the abundance of his divine propitiation.

[The original Latin of this most important document will be given in our next Number.]

#### FESTIVAL OF CORPUS CHRISTI, AT ST. BARNABAS, NOTTINGHAM.

ON Sunday, June 10th, the Catholics of Nottingham celebrated the festival of Corpus Christi in their noble church with an unusual degree of magnificence. During the previous days the church was busy as a hive; a continuous stream of rich and poor, old and young, flowing into it, with godly contributions of evergreens, flowers, roses, &c., whilst within were groups of industrious workers, weaving these respective offerings into crowns, garlands, wreaths, &c. On the Sunday morning the church appeared "as a bride adorned for her husband" (Apoc. xxi. 2): arch and pillar, wall and window, transept and tower—it was a temple of flowers, all arranged so as to harmonise with the features of the massive structure. A bold canopy of evergreens and flowers was suspended from the centre of the tower-loft; issuing in four finely wrought festoons, hanging from the pillars of the tower. The Sanctuary, the Holy of Holies of the Christian church, presented an array of crimson and gold enrichments, with festoons and beads of roses, dependent on every side, and clustering round every available support. Thirteen shields in gold and colour, representing the various armorial bearings of the church, were fixed in front of the rood-loft; also thirteen large

vases filled with choicest flowers, and a multitude of small pendent wreaths of various sizes, &c. &c., covering the whole extent of rood-loft and screen with a light floral tracerу. Velvet hangings, enriched with lilies and other emblems, enveloped the walls and side-pillars of the Sanctuary, surmounted by silk banners, crimson, blue, green, and white, with gilt standards and crosses, and embroidered shields and devices. The three stately pillars at the east of the high altar were covered with enamel work in gold and rich colour, containing ciboriuns, lilies, monograms, &c. Above these hung the large banner of the Blessed Sacrament. A canopy of crimson velvet, with rich gold fringe and enamelled gold crown imperial, rested on the Tabernacle, surrounded by a countless array of wax lights.

At ten o'clock the church doors were thrown open, the great bell sounded throughout the town, and in a little while the vast area was filled with an overflowing congregation. At half-past ten High Mass was sung by the Rev. T. Cheadle, and a sermon was preached by the Rev. I. J. Mulligan, from Matt. i. 23 : "They shall call his name Emmanuel, which being interpreted is God with us." Having given the history of the text as taken from Isaia, the prophet of the Christian Church, the preacher dwelt principally upon the Evangelist's interpretation of it. God is in every place, not alone in the exercise of his power, &c. but in his essence (Ps. cxxxviii. 8, &c.). This grave truth the people of the Jews not only admitted, but, as its consequence, they claimed for themselves a peculiarly intimate degree of the Divine presence as their especial privilege, and the distinctive character of their religion as the people of God (Deut. iv. 7). The Old Testament is in itself a strong proof of this—the "Word of God"—his communication to his people—the inspired record of that people, not of one time or place, but throughout their whole eventful history; varying like it to every change of place, of time, of person and circumstance; accommodating itself to all their varied wants—a progressive inspiration. Assuredly this wonderful book shews that God was with that people as He was with none other. He was their God, "the God of Israel," by a very especial Divine Presence in the midst of them. He went with them in the desert (Ps. cxiii.) as their king, ruling and protecting them. "A cloud by day," and "a pillar of fire by night," moved in front of the mighty host of Israel: a symbol of Him who was there dwelling in his royal tent—"his tabernacle" (Num. ix. 15, &c.; Exodus xiii. 21, 22). When they entered the promised land, Sion, "the city of cities," was chosen for the Lord, and became "the city of God," "the Lord's holy mountain." And there was erected for Him a temple-palace, rich, glorious, magnificent (3 Kings vi.). When it was completed, and furnished as became "the house of God," with altars and vestments, and lamps and incense (2 Paral. iii. &c.)—on the memorable day of its solemn dedication, in sight of the vast multitude, fire from heaven consumed the holocaust, and God himself came down in "the cloud," and took possession of the Holy of Holies, his dwelling-place, his home on earth (3 Kings viii.). And so He continued with that people, until they forsook Him, when He went forth from Sion, and tore the veil of the Sanctuary in his passage (Matt. xxvii. 51, &c.). Thus was Israel gifted, privileged with a Divine especial Presence from its beginning to its close. And assuredly, when we read such a wonderful history, and yet remember the Apostle's words, "If that which is done away was glorious, much more that which remaineth" (2 Cor. iii. 11), for that was but "a shadow" of this (Coloss. ii. 17); and again, our Lord's words (Matt. xi.), that the greatest prophet in that was less than the least child in this,—we must conclude that God is still on earth, with his people, and is a far higher and more intimate state than He was in the temple.—"Emmanuel—God with us." The doctrine whence arises this day's solemn festival fulfils this prophecy, realises this state of the Christian Church: Christ our Lord, our God, our Emmanuel, is with us in his sacramental state, really, truly, "the living bread which came down from heaven," "the

bread of life," by which we abide in Him and He in us" (John vi.); "made partakers of the Divine nature" (2 Peter i. 4), &c. &c.

After the sermon, the procession moved from the Sanctuary in the following order: first, a child in white, carrying a small cross, accompanied by a train of children from three to five years old, in white, with rich garlands of roses between each two, and small bouquets of flowers in their outer hands. They looked and walked like angels come out from heaven to join in the Christian holiday: their very appearance a sermon on innocence, peace, and joy. In no place are children more lovely, or more at home than in His house who said, "Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of God. Amen I say to you, whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, shall not enter into it. And embracing them, and laying his hands upon them, He blessed them" (Mark x. 14-16). Several groups of girls and young women came next; all in white dresses, veils, and guild cloaks, with lighted tapers, roses, &c., accompanied by their respective banners; in all, eight groups and eight banners. Next came the cross-bearer and acolyths, followed by eight torch-bearers; after these, the eighteen choristers, with their cantors and precentor in copes; also two persons wearing cloth-of-gold copes, and master of ceremonies in cope of the same material, with his assistant. Next, the two thurifers, incensing the Blessed Sacrament, and three little children, strewing the way with rose-leaves—"Joyful in his path to scatter roses sweet and lilies fair." Four persons in scarlet cloaks, with ermine collars, sleeves, &c., carried the rich satin canopy, beneath which was the celebrant, bearing the gold remonstrance in which the Blessed Sacrament reposed. On either side walked deacon and subdeacon, in dalmatic of cloth of gold. A group of young women "clothed in white robes" (Apoc. vii. 13), with long white veils and lighted candles, closed the procession. And as it slowly moved down the nave and round the aisles, and the notes from organ and choir rose up "like the noise of many waters" (Apoc. xiv.), mingling with the clouds of incense that floated on every side, tinged with colours that streamed in through the stained glass, windows, it seemed indeed that "the temple was filled with the majesty of God" (Apoc. xv.). The morning service concluded with solemn benediction, one concentrated hymn of praise resounding through the whole building.

In the evening, at half-past six, compline was chanted, and the sermon preached by the Rev. F. Cheadle. It was an application of Psalm cx. 4 to the festival of the day, "He hath made his wonderful works to be remembered." The sermon ended, the sanctuary was lighted up with countless lights—the clergy, with their ecclesiastical attendants, filled the holy place, and the other portions of the moving procession, with their banners, &c. occupied the centre of the nave. Benediction was then given as in the morning, and the procession retired, chanting the psalm, "O praise the Lord, all ye nations; praise Him, all ye people. For the mercy of the Lord has been confirmed upon us, and the truth of the Lord remaineth for ever."

**CATHOLIC MIDDLE SCHOOL.**—On Wednesday, June 20th, the public examination of the Catholic Middle School, John Street, Bedford Row, was held in the presence of the Right Rev. Dr. Wiseman, of many of the Catholic clergy, members of the committee, and others interested in the progress of this excellent institution. The boys were examined in their religious studies by the Rev. Mr. Kyan, to whose superintendence that department is entrusted. Their answers in that, as in the other subjects, as well as their general appearance and demeanour, reflected the highest credit on Mr. Glenie and his able assistants. His Lordship, in distributing the prizes, expressed his high approbation of what had come before him. An excursion to Rosherville Gardens took place the following day.

**ORATORY OF ST. PHILIP NERI IN LONDON.**—On the last day of May the Fathers of the English Oratory

opened their house in London. The house is situated in King William Street, Strand, and contains accommodation for a considerable number of priests and lay brothers; and has attached to it two chapels or oratories, holding together nearly 900 persons. On the day of the opening, High Mass was sung before the Right Rev. the Vicar Apostolic of the district, who also preached; and in the afternoon a sermon was preached by the Very Rev. Father Newman, Superior of the Oratory at Birmingham. The building was crowded at both services; and both at Mass and in the afternoon and evening services, has continued to be filled to the extreme ever since, both on Sundays and weekdays. There are no payments required for seats, but a collection is made at all services on Sundays.

**HAMMERSMITH.—OPENING OF THE NEW CHURCH OF THE CONVENT OF THE GOOD SHEPHERD.**—On Monday, within the Octave of Corpus Christi, the beautiful little church recently completed for the Convent of the Good Shepherd was solemnly opened with High Mass. The Right Rev. Dr. Wiseman preached, taking for his text John x. 11, "I am the Good Shepherd." After High Mass followed the procession of the blessed Sacrament round the precincts of the church, the canopy being borne by the Brethren of the Fraternity of the blessed Sacrament of St. George's, in their habits; little children in white going before, and scattering flowers; the officiating Priests, and others,

of whom there were many, and the Bishops closing the procession. The sight was very beautiful, and the sun, which shone brightly the whole time, added to the beauty of the scene. The religious and the penitents all knelt on one side of the church as the procession passed by. On the other were kneeling numbers of the laity who had assembled on the occasion. On the procession re-entering the church, the Benediction of the blessed Sacrament was given, and the ceremonies of the morning terminated.

**ELECTION OF A CATHOLIC PRIMATE FOR IRELAND.**—The election of a Catholic Primate, to succeed the late Most Rev. Dr. Croly, took place at Armagh on the 22d of May. The following Bishops were in attendance:—Dr. M'Gettigan of Raphoe, Dr. Brown of Kilmore, Dr. O'Higgins of Ardagh, Dr. M'Nally of Clogher, Dr. Denvir of Down and Connor, Dr. Cantwell of Meath, and Dr. Ryan of Limerick. There are in the archdiocese of Armagh fifty-one parish priests—that is, fifty-one electors; of these, fifty were present and voted. The following was the result:

	VOTES.
Scripture in the College of Maynooth . . . .	<i>Dignissimus</i> 26
Dr. O'Hanlon, President of the Dunboyne establishment in the College of Maynooth . .	<i>Dignior</i> . 12
Dr. Kieran, P.P., Dundalk . .	<i>Dignus</i> . 12

## Historic Chronicle.

THE motion of Mr. Hume for increased Parliamentary Reform, by giving to all householders the privilege of voting, and by the introduction of the ballot, was negatived by a large majority; and the only other new topic which promised much discussion, that of Mr. Cobden, for inserting arbitration clauses in all treaties, and so preventing all future wars, proved so different from what had been expected from that gentleman's speeches out of doors on military expenditure, that the House seemed to take his word that it was no alteration at all, and so dismissed it. The third reading of the Navigation Bill in the House of Lords was signalled by the Bishop of Oxford's proposal to exclude Brazil from the operation of the new law, his reason being that otherwise it would encourage the trade of Brazil, and thus stimulate her traffic in slaves. This displeased both parties: the opponents of the bill reproaching him for having supported it, while its supporters blamed him for an impracticable attempt to cripple the measure; and the Tory Lord Winchelsea hinted that if Bishops interfered in secular matters, they might be excluded from the House!

The Ministry have brought forward a new constitution for Australia, which they state meets with the entire acquiescence of the colonists. Their policy in Canada has been warmly attacked in both houses, and on a division in the Lords, the Government were only victorious by a majority of three, they being in an absolute minority as regarded the Peers present.

The accounts from the south of Ireland renew the descriptions of horror; the people starving, or feeding on the most loathsome food; numbers ejected, and perishing on the highways; while the pauperisation of the Catholic clergy deprives the people of the aid which, under more favourable auspices, they might have relied on. We are rejoiced, however, to find that Mr. Godolphin Osborne, the well-known and cour-

geous Dorsetshire rector, has gone to Ireland to see facts for himself; and we have little doubt that his communications to the *Times* will open the eyes of Englishmen to the true nature of Irish landlordism and Irish misery more effectually than any means hitherto tried. Politically there has been little interest. The commutation of the sentence on Mr. Smith O'Brien has been officially announced, and the Government has abandoned its prosecution of Mr. Duffy.

The annexation of the Punjab has been determined on, and Moolraj has been put on his trial for the murder of the two British officers with which he commenced the insurrection.

Canada has become more tranquil; the opposition party contents itself with bitter speeches and protestations, while public opinion out of doors seems in favour of the ministerial project.

Papers received from the Cape of Good Hope copy reports from this country, that 300 convicts are to be transshipped from Bermuda to the Cape; and the most angry feelings appear to have been provoked in the colony by the intelligence.

The position of affairs in Rome for the last month has been such that we know not what next to expect or what to hope for. Day after day is named as that on which General Oudinot was to attack the city, which he has been preparing to do by regular approaches; and while our words are going through the press, news may arrive that he is master of the Eternal City. But what then? What will the French do, and what will the Pope do? And how is the cause of the latter advanced by the success of the former? As we have said, we cannot tell what to expect, what to wish, or what to hope for. All will issue in that which is best for the Church, but probably by means which defy the forecasting of human wisdom. Extracts from private letters from Italy have been published, and give the reports current; but we have reason to know that though they give a true general picture of

the state of affairs, the actual details are not always to be trusted. The whole country is in such a state that no certain intelligence is attainable, and few English yet remain in Rome.

The result of the French elections has served only to widen the breach between the contending parties; that class which, though republican, was adverse to the wild phantasies of Lamennais and Proudhon, having greatly diminished in numbers. Lamartine, Armand Marrast, the *cidevant* President of the Assembly, Garnier Pagès, and many others of its most distinguished members, not having a seat in the present Chamber; while Ledru Rollin has received a quintuple return. Overtures have been made to the Moderate Republicans by a change in the Ministry, Dufaure taking the portfolio of Leon Faucher as Minister of the Interior, whilst De Tocqueville and Lanjuinais have taken the places of Drouhy de Lhuys and Buffet in the Ministry of Foreign Affairs and of Agriculture and Commerce. The President's message, which rivals in length that of his American compeer, tells little that is new, and although valuable for its statistical information, must still be taken with reservation, from its manifest endeavour to put the best possible face on affairs. Amongst its details, we are glad to find that the Government is in negotiation with the Holy See for the establishment of three new colonial episcopates, which will serve to assimilate the colonies still more closely with the mother country. After a *résumé* of the part pursued by France with reference to Piedmont and Sicily, the affairs at Rome are narrated, but in a manner so inexplicit, that but little is added to what is already known, even as to the intentions of the French Government. It announces a complete accordance with England in all foreign affairs, although the explanation of Lord Palmerston does not corroborate this so far as relates to Rome.

The cholera raged at Paris with increasing violence till the 10th, on which day the deaths reached the maximum number of 672; the disease then declined, and on the 13th the mortality was but 300. Amongst its more distinguished victims was Marshal Bugeaud, who, after receiving the sacraments from the Abbé Sibour, died without a struggle in the arms of Cavaignac and Count Molé.

Fearful excitement was caused in Paris by the news of resumption of hostilities at Rome. In the Assembly on the 11th, Ledru Rollin brought forward his interpellations respecting the intervention at Rome, and announced that he had deposited an impeachment of the President and Ministry, for which he demanded immediate attention. Odillon Barrot replied with great energy, and was answered by Ledru Rollin's exclaiming, "The fifth article of the Constitution has been violated; but we will defend the Constitution, and if necessary we will defend it *by arms*." After immense uproar, the order of the day "pure and simple" was carried by 361 to 203; the Ministerial majority thus setting aside all the motions of the Opposition. Next day, M. Thiers and General Cavaignac spoke in strong condemnation of the violence that had been shewn. Subsequently, M. Ledru Rollin explained; while he did not retract, he only meant that his party would defend with arms after pacific means had been exhausted. The next day, the excitement

was intense: a few barricades were erected, but instantly destroyed by the troops, who filled the streets in tens of thousands; and tranquillity was preserved. The city, however, was declared by the Assembly in a state of siege.

The draft of the Imperial German Constitution drawn up at Berlin by the plenipotentiaries of Prussia, Hanover, and Saxony—Austria withholding, and Bavaria reserving, her assent—was published at Berlin on the 30th of May.

Prussia has now completely broken with Frankfort. The remains of the Assembly have left that city for Stuttgart, and placed themselves at the head of the revolutionary movement.\* In Baden, affairs are at their crisis, the democrats having come to blows with the Government, which has called in the assistance of the Prussians.

Hungarian affairs are as unsettled as ever.

At New York, the appearance of Mr. Macready at the Astor Opera House was made the pretext for displaying the dislike of the mob to any thing partaking of the exclusiveness of European manners. On his entrance, logs of wood and rotten eggs were thrown on the stage; but in the end the riot grew very serious, and it was not until a large force of infantry and artillery were called out, and three volleys had been fired at the mob outside, that they were dispersed, when it was found that twenty-three persons had been killed and upwards of thirty wounded.

The city of St. Louis has been almost destroyed by fire, twenty-seven large steamers and three hundred houses having been burnt. At New Orleans, the Mississippi has burst its banks in two places, and there were strong fears that the city would be totally lost. A large amount of gold, 200,000*l.*, is said to have arrived from California.

\* Later intelligence announces that the Wurtemberg Government has prohibited their further meeting.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

AN OLD CATHOLIC.—We shall take an early opportunity of further elucidating the subject to which our correspondent alludes, and are obliged by his calling attention to it.

#### NOTICE

##### To Subscribers to the Rambler.

In order to meet the convenience of some of our Country Subscribers, who wish to receive their copies of the RAMBLER by post, and at as low a cost as possible, a Quarterly Edition of the Journal will for the future be issued, on the first days of January, April, July, and October, and comprising the current and two immediately preceding Monthly Numbers. They will be stitched together in one wrapper, and thus be sent by post for Sixpence only, in addition to the selling price of Four Shillings and Sixpence.

Each Monthly Number of the RAMBLER contains so large a quantity of matter, that three such numbers are nearly equal to two numbers of the ordinary Quarterly Reviews. The Quarterly Edition will thus be by far the cheapest quarterly publication in the kingdom, giving to its readers for 4*s. 6d.* nearly as much matter as others give for 12*s.*

The first Quarterly Part of the RAMBLER, containing the Monthly Numbers for May, June, and July (which commence the Fourth Volume, now in progress), is now ready, and will be forwarded on application to the Publisher, or by any Bookseller in Town or Country.